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LITTLE MAGAZINES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON

By GEOFFREY SOAR (Assistant Librarian, University College London)

Little magazines are those which publish creative work with little or no regard to financial gain. It is often in their pages that new developments are first seen. Later they become basic material for literary and cultural history. Libraries have not often concerned themselves with collecting these magazines until long after they have lost current interest—and by then they may be unobtainable. Ignorance of the existence of these magazines, or indifference to them, and fear of whatever is new and of making judgments later seen by others to be unsound, are doubtless among causes of this neglect. The editors and publishers are themselves to blame if they do not send their magazines to the copyright libraries, so that even these cannot be relied on to have runs of all titles published in Great Britain.

The inadequacy of library holdings in this field was spotlighted by a leader in *The Times Literary Supplement* of May 28, 1964, and by subsequent letters. Anyone doing research in modern English literature is likely to have trouble in borrowing, or even locating, runs of the magazines he needs for his work.

Awareness at University College London of this situation led to the library's decision in December, 1964, to subscribe to all little magazines written in English throughout the world, with the exception of the United States. About 125 British titles were ordered to begin with, and some fifty Commonwealth magazines were added shortly afterwards, along with a few from the United States and other countries. By the beginning of 1966 about 100 current and twenty-five dead magazines had been catalogued. The discrepancy between the numbers ordered and actually received reflects some of the difficulties of this type of material. Some magazines were not sent, others were defunct, or turned out not to be little magazines.

Our holdings of classic early titles, such as *Transition* and *The Little Review*, remain relatively rather slight, although here the University Library's own collection is stronger, and both libraries are buying cooperatively such of the more important reprints as they can afford that are being produced now. The breadth and variety of University College's collection is best seen in its postwar and present day holdings. In addition to such relatively well-known magazines as *Stand*, *Ambit* and *The Review*, there are many others, some of notable interest, such as *The Wivenhoe Park Review*, and *The Resuscitator*, which are, we suspect, hardly known outside a small sector of the literary scene. Some magazines, either in title or content, or both, are very remote from an academic library's more usual intake—one might mention, for example, *Poor Old Tired Horse*, *Zipp Zapp*, *My Own Mag*, *Kinc Ida's Watch Chain*, and *Nothing Doing in London*.

More recently, a cooperative scheme for acquiring American magazines has been worked out at London University, by King's College, University College and the University Library. Between us we will take about 100 American magazines. The University Library will concentrate on those produced by or in universities and colleges, King's on those of a fairly solid, "established" character, and University College on the more experimental, avant-garde ones.

Little magazines present special problems to the library buying, cataloguing and storing them. Many do not appear in official current bibliographies and other ways of discovering them have to be used. Each part of each magazine is searched on arrival for listings of new titles, as well as for new addresses. Personal contact with specialist booksellers and other people active in the little magazine scene is also most valuable and in this respect we have been very lucky at University College. But even with the greatest care, it is still possible to miss something altogether if it appears say, in a provincial city, or if very few copies are produced.

The difficulties do not end with the initial detection. It is often hard to tell if a magazine is current or not: many are published at irregular and often widely spaced intervals and their publishers do not necessarily remember or bother to send each issue unprompted. Some, indeed, probably regard libraries, especially in universities, as their natural enemies. A magazine thought to be dead may start up again, or a "new" one may claim to continue an earlier one which had a different title. The one-shot magazine is quite common, and this may form part of a series and amount almost to an anthology of the work of a given group of poets. Again, a magazine may devote a whole issue to the work of one poet and if it does this regularly it may be difficult to distinguish it from a series such as the Northern House pamphlets. At University College we attempt to collect these series, along with other marginal material which cannot be strictly described as periodical literature but clearly belongs with the magazines in every other significant way.

There are other directions in which it is not easy to decide where little magazines end or should for our purpose be seen as ending. We do not, for instance, regard the *Hudson* and *Tri-Quarterly* reviews as within our scope as little magazines (though as it happens we do subscribe to them anyway). Some political journals publish occasional [illegible] have relevant news [illegible] details of magazines [illegible] magazines are very [illegible] some of these may be [illegible] first work of future [illegible] wells. We do not, however, [illegible] fied in attempting to [illegible] present, but we do get [illegible] various writers' societies.

Some little magazines [illegible] ally very flimsy and [illegible] servation a problem, [illegible] greatly in size and even [illegible] issue to issue. Sometimes [illegible] recognize a magazine [illegible] of the appearance of [illegible] rather than from the [illegible] archaic things as [illegible] numbers and dates [illegible]

From all this it will [illegible] little magazine acquisition [illegible] scale is a very time-[illegible] vity. Against this [illegible] generally very low [illegible] tions. It is probably [illegible] every new title that [illegible] to assess each title [illegible] selectively. This is [illegible] why it seemed desirable [illegible] British and Commonwealth [illegible] zines rather than [illegible] seemed to us to be [illegible] be impossible anyway [illegible] judgments here that we [illegible] tisan, since the values [illegible] producers of the [illegible] diverse. The basic [illegible] dicate between [illegible] ensure that *all* the [illegible] being produced is [illegible] available in libraries [illegible] be bought. The only [illegible] do this is to get [illegible] it quickly. For each [illegible] one must rely on [illegible] from the less [illegible] second-hand dealers [illegible] perhaps even more, [illegible] dividuals who happen [illegible] or even odd numbers [illegible] sion and to be aware [illegible] of our collection.

Perhaps it is not [illegible] than a few libraries [illegible] complete coverage [illegible] titles, since those at [illegible] lege are (with very [illegible] available, through the [illegible] lending system, to [illegible] and may also be [illegible] library itself. But [illegible] libraries and the large [illegible] could aim at taking [illegible] twenty magazines [illegible] ination would offer [illegible] priate. Even small [illegible] they have local [illegible] reasonably collect [illegible] zines that are [illegible] regions.

And little magazines [illegible] abroad, in foreign [illegible] seems to be great [illegible] systematic cooperation [illegible] interested specialists [illegible]

LIBRARIANS (continued)

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Migratory cotton-picker, Eloy, Arizona, 1940. A photograph by Dorothea Lange from *Dorothea Lange*, published by the New York Museum of Modern Art, distributed by W. H. Allen at 56s. There are 87 pages of photographs and the introductory essay is by George P. Elliott.

COUNSELS FOR DEFENCE

THOSE WHO RAGE with such passionate eloquence against the United States in Vietnam are behaving as irrelevantly as that hilariously ill-assorted band of thinkers who recently invaded the correspondence columns of *The Times* to propose unconditional support of American policies. Of course what is going on in Vietnam is almost unbearably painful—especially to anyone who has first-hand knowledge of that, or any other war. It is, however, interesting to remark that those who are most incontinent in their views, on one side or the other, of the Vietnam war are usually those with no first-hand knowledge of war at all.

This is not to suggest that it is necessary to have been in a war in order to know that war is immoral; or still less that discussion of war and peace is best left to soldiers. It is, however, significant that the loudness of protest and counterprotest usually varies in inverse proportion to comprehension of what the protest is about.

* * *

In Vietnam women and children are being killed by American bombers; they are also being killed by Vietcong guerrillas. There may be a political distinction between dying by napalm or the terrorist's knife—but there is not much difference otherwise. What is happening in Vietnam is a familiar demonstration of the deplorable but inescapable fact that it is easier to destroy than to create; and of an international fact of life that springs from this: the appalling bargaining power of the ability to kill, to hurt and to destroy—what Professor Thomas Schelling dispassionately calls the diplomacy of violence.

In his *Arms and Influence* Professor Schelling has brought together some of the provocative and often original ideas about the principles and practice of violence that will be familiar to those who have worked with him at Harvard, where he is a professor of economics, or at the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, where for a time he illuminated the rather wan pragmatism of that distinguished establishment with his special brand of lucid intellectualism. Professor Schelling's concern is to analyse how countries use, or try to use, their capacity for violence as bargaining power. It is not, as he is at pains to point out, a book about policy. It offers no solutions to the Vietnam war—or indeed to any single problem of the international struggle for power. Consequently it will infuriate those who regard talk of "risk manipulation" and "the idiom of reprisal" as heartless wordmongering, and who damn games theory and concepts like the rationality of irrationality as the patternweaving of a sterile intellectualism.

* * *

It is, however, important to know what and how Professor Schelling thinks; for Professor Schelling, and many like him, have had and are having a lasting influence on the way in which American policy is formed. It is possible to argue that their influence has been exaggerated; and it is certainly demonstrable that it has diminished since November, 1963. It is, however, beyond doubt that when Mr. Rusk or Mr. McNamara talk of the relationship between the bombing of North Vietnam and the readiness of the Hanoi Government to negotiate, their thought processes and those of their closest advisers are still deeply influenced by a generation of men to whom the manifestations and manipulations of violence have presented an irresistible intellectual problem. Indeed most of them appear somewhere in Professor Schelling's book, sharing with Xenophon, Herodotus and Sun Tzu the accolade of acknowledgment or quotation.

Of the relevance of this kind of thinking to the conduct of international affairs Professor Schelling provides many examples. Possibly the most arresting is his proposition, not unfamiliar in the canon of strategic analysis, that deterrence often depends on relinquishing the initiative to the other side. This concept involves a calculation which has, in one form or another, been recognized since the principles of war first began to be formulated—the need to leave the enemy, whether in military operations or in diplomacy, a way of escape if he wants to run away. This is the concept, translated into the language of nuclear deterrence, that lies behind the strategy of the super-powers in Europe, and that conditioned their behaviour in the Cuba missile crisis. It would be foolish to suppose that it does not have a profound influence on American policy in Vietnam. The question is whether in that case the enemy understands the signals.

One of the classic symptoms of the passion for academic involvement that swept through American policy-making in the 1950s was the growth of those remarkable institutions often referred to disobligingly as "think-factories"—small but influential organizations usually run on a non-profit basis and manned largely by civilian research associates, economists, social scientists and strategic analysts. One observer, remarking upon the way in which these elegant but often uncoordinated creatures prowled through the jungles of the Pentagon and the State Department, compared them to the Jesuits in the courts of Madrid and Venice three centuries ago. It was inevitable, given the symbiotic nature of the American academic establishment, that sooner or later the phenomenon would itself be analysed by some of those most intimately involved in it.

* * *

In *Schools for Strategy* Professor Gene M. Lyons and Professor Louis Morton have addressed themselves to the related questions of how American universities and research groups have influenced national policies and to what extent their academic independence has been eroded by the pressures of power. They come to the unsurprising conclusion that the academic invasion of what was previously regarded as military territory has significantly changed the role of the civilian in the formulation of American national strategy. They make the valid point, often passed over in discussions of nuclear war, that most of the thinking about future war-

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FLETCHER IN MUSCOVY

GILES FLETCHER: *Of the Rus Commonwealth*. Edited by Albert J. Schmidt. 176pp. Published for the Folger Shakespeare Library by Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. 48s.

When Giles Fletcher, in 1588, was sent on a special embassy to the Tsar, he began no love affair with Russia. His business was to mend the position of the English merchants there, who had gained access thirty years before by way of the White Sea, ports long and enjoyed a monopoly, which was wearing thin. Fletcher encountered difficulties and discomforts and achieved only a moderate success. He came back, after a stay that fell just short of twelve months, full of the kind of mixed and imprecise information an intelligent stranger amasses in such circumstances. He was impressed by the vast size and natural resources of the country, "wherein the providence of God is to be noted", less impressed by the inhabitants, though he found the common people "of reasonable capacities if they had those means that other nations have to train up their wits in good nurture and learning". They were, however, too pigheaded to be taught, "accounting their own fashions to be far the best". Fletcher surveyed their fashions with profound and genuine horror. He had never been more thankful that he was a native of England, a member of a reformed church, and a subject of Queen Elizabeth.

Of the Rus Commonwealth appeared in 1591, and was promptly suppressed, as prejudicial to trade relations. The general information it supplies was not the author's primary concern. It was a confession of faith, a plain demonstration of what may be expected when a country has neither good government, sound laws nor true religion. As such, John Milton approved it, and many a liberal Englishman whose business in succeeding centuries took him to Russia brought back very similar impressions. Fletcher might have been more careful to sift evidence and to consult available source-books, but nothing would have erased from his memory the brutality, oppression and injustice he had himself witnessed, the "idols" and the swarms of ignorant priests, the obstinate, drunken, wily people. "The Rus neither believeth anything that another man speaketh nor speaketh anything himself worthy to be believed." He would sooner trust a Tartar than a Russian.

In 1891 the Russian historian, S. M. Seredolin, showed what were some of Fletcher's errors of fact and false inferences. Russia in the sixteenth century was a Christian [illegible] hard to be a European [illegible] and the English [illegible] nothing to help her, [illegible] however, the observer [illegible] the advantage of [illegible] hindsight can only [illegible] what in him was [illegible] holy political brew [illegible] ing in Muscovy and [illegible] declared, boil over.

Albert Schmidt [illegible] ized text, blocking [illegible] words and normalizing [illegible] Russian names. [illegible] tions are incorporated [illegible] Mr. Schmidt feels [illegible] an outsider to [illegible] tween those who [illegible] treatise and those [illegible] biased and purposeful [illegible] that the bias itself [illegible] historical fact. [illegible] ourable critics are [illegible] hardly find [illegible] wealth agreeable [illegible] complexions of [illegible] pleased, the Anglo-[illegible] he was shocked [illegible] without concealment. [illegible] his book may now [illegible] the country it deals [illegible] by Russian scholars [illegible] translation in the [illegible] tury came under the [illegible] censor.

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AN ABSENCE OF RUINS
H. ORLANDO PATTERSON
Second novel, set in the Caribbean by the author of THE CHILDREN OF SISYPHUS published by New Authors Ltd. in 1964. 21s
Hutchinson

fare is necessarily theoretical, and that because of the increasing complexity of weapon systems and the almost insuperable difficulties of translating modern military power into practical political terms "the greatest use must be made of any intellectual tools that can ease the task of making difficult choices".

In this detailed and comprehensive survey two centres of research seem more remarkable than others for the intensity and significance of their involvement in the national policy-making process—the Cambridge Complex and the Rand Corporation.

The Cambridge Complex is the convenient generic title given by the authors to that highly articulated network of research facilities that has its core in or near Boston, Mass.—either at Harvard or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Any visitor to the United States with any serious claim to intellectual status in the debate about international affairs will sooner or later find himself in Boston, engaged in a display of mental pyrotechnics with the remarkable academic community of Cambridge. These men bear no resemblance to the inhabitants of All Souls or Balliol; they are almost always just leaving for or returning from Washington; their conversation is impregnated with that tolerant contempt for the judgment of politicians that so often goes with a close and constructive involvement in the political process—an affectation of weary disenchantment refreshingly unlike the arrogant incomprehension of most British academics confronted with the realities of political choice.

In this community—often brilliant, sometimes profound and almost never dull—one of the most catalytic agents is the Professor of Government at Harvard—Dr. Henry Kissinger, who has served as adviser in Washington both to the National Security Council and to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Dr. Kissinger has compiled a "book of readings", *The Problems of National Strategy*, that brings together widely ranging views on the problems of power. Many of the authors in Dr. Kissinger's symposium are his past and present colleagues of the Cambridge Complex—men like Robert Bowie, Thomas Schelling and Samuel Huntington; but there are insights too into minds as diverse and seminal as those of Leo Szilard, Pierre Gallois and John F. Kennedy. President Kennedy's speech of March 2, 1962, sounds some knell-like notes for the reader of five years later. "Our foremost aim", he said,

> is the control of force, not the pursuit of force, in a world made safe for mankind. But whatever the future brings I am sworn to uphold and defend the freedom of the American people, and I intend to do whatever must be done to fulfil that solemn obligation.

As Dr. Kissinger so powerfully argues in his introduction, the novelty of modern weapons ("novelty" in this context being an elliptical Americanism for the combination of their bewildering complexities and frightening destructive power) is compounded by the difficulty of forming a plausible conception for their use; and it is arguable (although Professor Kissinger does not argue it) that President Kennedy's concept of the defence of American "freedom", with its echoes of Hobbesian dialectic, is as obsolete now as are many of the gleaming new missiles that were then the pride of his military armoury.

The principal "think-factory" of the United States is *sui generis* in the whole field of national policy research. The Rand Corporation, housed in a heavily guarded building within sight and sound of the Pacific breakers of Santa Monica, California, was established in 1946 to

> perform a program of study and research on the broad subject of intercontinental warfare, other than surface, with the object of recommending to the Army Air Forces preferred techniques and instrumentalities for this purpose.

Mr. Bruce Smith, previously one of Professor Kissinger's colleagues in the Department of Government at Harvard, and now a Research Associate at Rand, has compiled a case history of the organization which will do much to correct the gross misconceptions that surround the organization and the concepts that nourish it.

There are those who fear that the whole idea behind Rand suggests the state is abdicating from its policy-making responsibilities and delegating the power of Government to a non-governmental body; others—and they have passionate supporters in this country—identify Rand and similar organizations with an obscurantist and inflexible attitude towards cold war issues and see them as having a vested interest in perpetuating the political confrontation between east and west; still others are haunted by General Eisenhower's spectre of the military-industrial complex—an interlocking conspiracy that might lead to a situation in which "public policy could itself become the captive of a scientific-technological élite".

* * *

The core of Mr. Smith's analysis lies in a case study of the origins and life history of what he regards, with some justification, as one of Rand's most significant studies. It began in 1951 with a request from the Air Force to Rand for a study of the selection of overseas air bases. Mr. Smith traces the study through its various stages to its effects three years later, when the basic principles of the Air Force's overseas deployment were fundamentally revised. For, as Mr. Smith relates, as early as the spring of 1952

> the analysis pointed to the shattering conclusion that in the last half of the 1950s the Strategic Air Command, the world's most powerful striking force, faced the danger of obliteration from enemy surprise attack,

if the Air Force continued with its existing plans for strategic bases. He concludes somewhat naturally that the process was healthy and valuable; and by way of a few glancing blows at Lord Snow's theory of the two cultures he concludes that an advisory corporation like Rand

> can serve a vital function in tapping the intellectual capabilities of people outside the government for work on public problems and in generally promoting the public understanding necessary for the functioning of modern democratic government.

One of the names that recurs significantly in Mr. Smith's study is that of Charles J. Hitch, Head of the Economics Division of Rand and later the Chairman of its Research Council. In January, 1961, President Kennedy appointed Mr. Hitch to be Assistant Secretary of Defense, one of the appointments that signalled the beginning of the McNamara era in American defence policy. Mr. Hitch claims, like Marshall McLuhan in another context, that the medium is also the message "the objectives, the organization and the management techniques of national defence are all interrelated". His analysis should be required reading for anyone involved in the making of defence policy or the management of the defence establishment still, in the British way of life, two different and often conflicting activities. *Decision-Making for Defense* consists of four lectures delivered at the University of California, Berkeley, in 1965—the first H. Rowan Gaither lectures in Systems Science. The acknowledged apostle of "cost-effectiveness" traces the evolution of defence management with special emphasis on some of the major innovations of the McNamara era. Making the painfully obvious point that if the objectives or the costs or the measurements of military effectiveness are wrong, the answers will also be wrong, Mr. Hitch quotes the Skybolt air-to-ground missile as a case in point. To those of us still recovering from the traumatic impact of this failure of Anglo-American communication, and of the fundamental changes which it caused and is still causing in British foreign policy, Mr. Hitch's comment on it has a dream-like quality. "Our decision to drop the project", he says, "created some very difficult problems for the British Government at the time and led to a meeting at Nassau between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan." Yes, Mr. Hitch, it did, indeed it did.

* * *

When Mr. Hitch left the defence establishment after four years he left it with a report from his Commander-in-Chief of a rapturous enthusiasm which most military officers cannot hope to enjoy in a lifetime of earnest endeavour. It was, according to President Johnson, largely as a result of Mr. Hitch's efforts that the United States now possess the most balanced defence force in history and a management system "to maintain our superior military posture and use it with precision".

Anyone who reads Mr. Hitch's words and studies the great body of research and intellectual inquiry that has gone into the creation of the United States defence establishment is bound to admit that whatever may be the appropriate moral judgment on American foreign policy, its military organization is impressively, sometimes even frighteningly, efficient. It seems logical to suppose that while Britain's greatest and closest ally has been mobilizing the brains and intelligence of its universities in the service of a new military philosophy, British Governments and Defence Ministers have been doing the same; and that while American research establishments have been set up to contribute to the formulation of rational equipment policies and the intelligent deployment of forces, similar bodies have been charged with the same task here in Britain. The truth, sadly enough, is that nothing of the sort has happened.

Apart from a few recent genuflexions in the general direction of operational research and systems analysis, this country is still without any effective independent research into military policy, especially in that vital area at which it is integrated into and inseparable from foreign policy; and, with a handful of exceptions, the best academic minds of the country are resolutely kept on the wrong side of the fence by the manoeuvres of a powerful obscurantist element in the military establishment.

The belief among certain soldiers, sailors and airmen that war is too serious a business for intellectuals has led, predictably, to a number of notable exercises in incompetence; and one of the most spectacular of these was the case of the TSR-2 aircraft. Its cancellation by the Labour Government followed one of the most acrimonious public debates in the history of defence policy. This classic story of a weapon system that turned out to be irrelevant to the country's needs—and furthermore many times more costly than the most extravagant estimates—has been chronicled by Mr. Stephen Hastings under the rather emotional title of *The Murder of TSR-2*.

Mr. Hastings [illegible] member of Parliament [illegible] readily announces [illegible] director of a firm of aircraft manufacturers. Furthermore, his story with an account [illegible] the stiff-upper-lip, [illegible] school of intrepid [illegible] the briefing of a group of Conservative M.P.s by the Chief [illegible] of the British Aircraft Corporation after the cancellation of the project. "He left [illegible] colleagues and myself", writes Hastings, "stunned with the magnitude of the tragedy, with the utter and massive waste, devotion and effort." [illegible] bedewed the House of Commons smoking room that [illegible] 1965 seem unhappily to have [illegible] judgment as well as vision." Hastings the cancellation [illegible] was evidently a massive conspiracy, peopled by [illegible] Guy Fawkes figures of [illegible] tionary myth—Colonel [illegible] shadowy Sir Solly Zuckerman, Richard Worcester and the correspondent of *The Times*. Hastings's prose style and history allow him such colours as "the archetypal figure of Socialism, that strange amalgam of Karl Marx, [illegible] and Father Christmas"; such [illegible] tical judgment leads him to remarkable statement

> of course the Socialists [illegible] through a form of discussion and the grave issues involved, but I doubt whether this had any effect on the decision one way or other.

If Mr. Hastings will believe [illegible] he will believe anything; he evidently will believe anything he has been persuaded, among things, that Skybolt was [illegible] sound, that Miss Mary [illegible] disapproves of the aircraft and that Sir Solly Zuckerman [illegible] buying American aircraft. [illegible] sorry effort bears the [illegible] heavy and embittered [illegible] the aircraft industry, and it [illegible] surprising that Mr. Hastings [illegible] in his preface, decline to [illegible] sources.

* * *

Many of Mr. Hastings's [illegible] trolled bursts of fire are [illegible] the British press, about [illegible] seems to be chronically [illegible] unable to decide whether [illegible] dangerous or merely comic. Two journalists who have [illegible] long in the dusty vineyards [illegible] the wrath of politicians and [illegible] manufacturers, have published [illegible] designed to illuminate some [illegible] dark corners of defence policy. Anthony Verrier having a [illegible] at the Army and Mr. [illegible] Divino in *The Broken Wing* bringing down in flames [illegible] mations of aviation pioneers. [illegible] Verrier's study is curiously [illegible] alternating between strategic [illegible] and tactical critique. Some [illegible] writing is vivid—"flinkers [illegible] in schlosses" is a pleasantly [illegible] conceit—and the section on [illegible] cated Soldier in which it occ[illegible] some disenchanted and [illegible] things to say about the [illegible] defence policy-making in [illegible] After writing of the diverse [illegible] employed in the American [illegible] Mr. Verrier has a paragraph [illegible] worth quoting at length:

> We know that British Governments decline comparable advisory [illegible] indeed Mr. Healey has specifically [illegible] that it [sic] is unwelcome and unnecessary. We know that Parliament is muzzled and that much of the [illegible] uninterested in or ignorant of strategic issues, largely because experiments earn contempt rebuke from [illegible] 10. We know that strategic [illegible] largely founded on assumptions [illegible] what is also clear is that Americans and the Ministry of Defence have [illegible] apparatus and no staff for [illegible] arguing about issues.

Mr. Divine's study in the case of British air power puts [illegible] a similarly unfavourable light. Mr. Verrier affects the [illegible] the rapier, Mr. Divine goes in [illegible] weapons of mass destruction [illegible] tematically annihilates the [illegible] myth of the manned bomber [illegible] independent strategic force [illegible] against the background of a [illegible] ent determination in the [illegible] establishment to acquire large [illegible] bers of American aircraft and [illegible] gage at the same time in an [illegible] programme of developing a [illegible] geometry aircraft in collaboration with France, Mr. Divine [illegible] somewhat startlingly that the [illegible] Air Force is abandoning all [illegible] sions to a strategic role and [illegible] in any case a difficulty [illegible]

whether what is left for the Air Force to do is

> an appropriate yield for a defence system costing, in terms of the 1966 White Paper, £542,120,000 and requiring for its *governance* eighty-eight Air Marshals, 137 Air Commodores, 500 Group Captains and a grand total of 131,300 officers and men?

It has been left, predictably, to an American to identify some of the more deep-seated flaws in our process of policy-making for defence. In *The Politics of British Defense Policy, 1945-62*. Major William P. Snyder has made a comprehensive study of the politics of British defence policy from 1945-62. It is, for the most part, a kindly but penetrating analysis. Major Snyder disagrees with both Mr. Stephen Hastings and Mr. Anthony Verrier in his assessment of the role of the British press in the policy process, concluding that although it suffers from the inherent defect of lacking timely access to information it still has an *important role in defining for policy-makers* the broader domestic and international contexts in which defence policies are shaped. Inevitably, however, he finds the influence of the intellectual community on defence policy-making inadequate and ineffective; there has been, he suggests, a failure of the larger intellectual community to make more than a negligible contribution to the substance of postwar defence policies.

If the recent literature of strategy and military policy is any guide we may be sure of very little; but of two things we are left in no doubt. A military establishment that cuts itself off from the intellectual and academic life of the community which it serves will make more mistakes than it can afford; and the British military establishment shows no real signs of putting an end to this dangerous isolation. One of the few genuine intellectuals inside the establishment has put the matter well. In his analysis of the impact of science on military and civil affairs Sir Solly Zuckerman, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Cabinet, friend of Charles Hitch, confidant of the American academic community and *bête noire* of Mr. Stephen Hastings, has written, in a sensitive and elegant study:

> The Alexanders of today still need their Philosophers; and to be of use the Philosophers have got to see their Alexanders at work.

If British defence policy is to be relevant to the role of Britain in what is left to us of this century it is arguable that we need more Philosophers; for better or for worse, we have no Alexanders.

THOMAS C. SCHELLING: *Arms and Influence*. 293pp. Yale University Press. £2 16s.

GEN. M. LYONS and LOUIS MORTON: *Schools for Strategy*. 356pp. New York: Praeger. London: Pall Mall Press. £2 16s.

Problems of National Strategy. Edited by Henry A. Kissinger. 477pp. New York: Praeger. London: Pall Mall Press. £2 16s.

BRUCE L. R. SMITH: *The Rand Corporation*. 332pp. Harvard University Press. London: O.U.P. £3 4s.

CHARLES J. HITCH: *Decision-Making for Defense*. 83pp. University of California Press. London: Cambridge University Press. 24s.

STEPHEN HASTINGS: *The Murder of TSR-2*. 206pp. Macdonald. 35s.

ANTHONY VERRIER: *An Army for the Sixties*. 288pp. Secker and Warburg. 42s.

DAVID DIVINE: *The Broken Wing*. 400pp. Hutchinson. £2 5s.

WILLIAM P. SNYDER: *The Politics of British Defense Policy, 1945-1962*. 284pp. Ernest Benn. £2 10s.

SIR SOLLY ZUCKERMAN: *Scientists and War*. 177pp. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

GOING CRITICAL

DAVID IRVING: *The Virus House*. 288pp. William Kimber. £2 10s.

When the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, the ten best German nuclear physicists were already in detention in a country house in Huntingdon. They refused at first to believe the news because they were convinced of the superiority of German science and they knew how far they still had been, when the war ended for them, from being able to manufacture a bomb. At first sight there seemed excellent grounds for this disbelief: among the group were Otto Hahn, the discoverer of nuclear fission in December, 1938, Paul Harteck, Professor at Hamburg, who in April, 1939, pointed out to the German War Office that this discovery made it possible to produce an explosive "many orders of magnitude more *powerful than the conventional* ones", and others who had worked from the very beginning of the war, with full assistance from the government, on the atomic programme. Germany had had a flying start. How was it possible that the Allies had overtaken her?

The answer to that question is the main theme of this scholarly and absorbing book. Mr. Irving has interviewed all the surviving authorities and has made good and methodical use of long series of unpublished papers in Germany and in the United States. It is clear that he has documented all his important statements of fact; it soon also becomes clear that he has an admirable acquaintance with the principles of nuclear physics and a gift for conveying these easily to the uninstructed reader. He has already shown in *The Destruction of Dresden* and *The Mare's Nest*, on the German V-weapons, a mastery of easy narrative style. The basis of his answer is that it was the scientists who failed. Taken generally they were too much theoretic*ians*; Harteck was an exception, and he had worked with Rutherford in Cambridge. Industry did not fail: the metallurgical and chemical-engineering firms employed performed miracles of technology even in the last two years of devastating bombing. The Nazi State cannot seriously be blamed either. It is the weakness of all dictatorships to combine bureaucratic rigidity with the creation of private domains for the great men of the regime but the atomic energy programme positively benefited from coming first under Goering and then under the energetic Speer. Nazism had, of course, some faults to answer for: it had dispersed abroad a number of Jewish physicists, and on occasion party membership played a part in determining appointments; nevertheless Mr. Irving concludes that the academics bear the brunt of the blame.

At the outbreak of the war Germany, alone among the powers, had a military office exclusively devoted to the study of the military application of nuclear fission. By 1940 German industry was producing uranium metal at the scale of one ton per month; for comparison the first six tons produced in America were only ready at the end of 1942. The theory of how to produce a chain reaction was well understood. And yet by the end of the war six years of work had produced no working apparatus for the separation of the uranium-235 isotope, no plutonium, and a pile which had failed, though only by a little, to "go critical". 1941 appears to have been the year when things went wrong. In January Professor Bothe of Heidelberg miscalculated the diffusion length of thermal neutrons in carbon by a factor of 100 per cent. The calculation appears to have been allowed to pass unchecked; its implication was that graphite could not be used as a moderator in an atomic pile unless the uranium was much enriched. In consequence, besides continuing the search for a practical enrichment technique, the German scientists decided that they must plump for heavy water as a moderator. Now in 1941 the only source of heavy water in the world was the Vemork plant at Rjukan in southern Norway.

It is tempting to argue that this miscalculation was the root cause of the German failure (French atomic scientists made the same error). Because it would be prohibitively expensive to build a heavy-water plant in Germany, and the scientists felt even less inclined to propose it when they thought it still possible that they would discover a way of producing adequate amounts of uranium-235, they continued to keep all their eggs in the one Norwegian basket. When Vemork was sabotaged, as is well known and as is well recounted here, the setback was severe. There was no serious alternative; the scientists had dithered away valuable time. But it would not be quite fair to concentrate on this one point. Mr. Irving reveals a number of other twists which make his story so exciting that one almost feels obliged not to reveal how it all ended. The penultimate scene takes place in March 1945 in a small Swabian village where the last experimental pile almost goes critical and the design improvements to make a sustained chain reaction certain can be clearly foreseen. Thereupon enter the Allied "body snatchers" and the German team is on its way to Huntingdon and the news of Hiroshima.

The author considers it untrue that German scientists were reluctant to make the bomb. They could and would have produced it in due course. He does agree that they contributed less to their country's war effort than scientists in Britain and America, attributing that mainly to their theoretical rather than practical bent; but he concludes that it was really due to a series of chances that Hitler was not the first to have the weapon. A solemn colophon to a well-argued and highly readable book.

THEIR MAN IN LUCERNE

PIERRE ACCOCE and PIERRE QUET: *The Lucy Ring*. 224pp. W. H. Allen. 30s.

The French original of this book was reviewed in the *TLS* on July 21, 1966. It is a study of the wartime activities in Switzerland of Rudolf Roessler, code-name "Lucy", who obtained from Germany and transmitted to the Swiss Intelligence Service, and also to the Russians, a continuous flow of information about the German armed forces and German strategy remarkable for its copiousness, promptness and accuracy. The fact is certain; it is testified to by the sober and well informed Allen Dulles and the equally authoritative Mr. Ronald Seth in his *Forty Years of Soviet Spying*. What was not known to those authors was the personality and motives of Roessler and the source of his information and it is these which make the main interest of *The Lucy Ring*.

They demonstrate in the first place that Roessler was not a Communist but belonged to the conservative and religious-minded opposition to the Nazis. He was prepared to supply information to the Russians because his sole obsession was to bring about the defeat of Nazism by any means whatever. The point which has raised some controversy in Germany, and in these columns, is the claim that this information was derived from the highest levels of the O.K.W., the German Supreme Command. Put like that the claim is undeniable: so accurate and prompt was it that no other source is conceivable; but doubts have been expressed about the authors' story of a band of like-minded conspirators, including five generals, who regarded Roessler as their spiritual leader and who were able to keep up radio communication with him from the O.K.W. wireless centre itself. It is likely enough that the account in this book may be faulty in one or two details but the general verdict, particularly in Germany, where it attracted much attention, is that M. Accoce and M. Quet have come somewhere pretty near to the correct explanation of Roessler's extraordinary story.

The translation by A. M. Sheridan Smith is flowing and rapid. It is generally accurate, very free and the original has been shortened by about a third in length, for which the English reader should be grateful, since the authors pad out their tale with some extreme examples of the lush exuberance of French journalistic rhetoric. The English reader may, however, think that Martin Luther's most famous remark, from his speech to the Diet of Worms, looks strangely uncogent in the form, for which M. Accoce or M. Quet must share part of the blame: "I am standing and cannot do otherwise".

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INDEPENDENT AFRICAN

JULIUS K. NYERERE: *Freedom and Unity. Uhuru na umoja*. 366pp. Oxford University Press. £2 5s.

The gentle, laughing, "moderate" Julius Nyerere of pre-independence Tanganyika has been transformed. Now he is the nationalist and nation-alizing President, breaking diplomatic relations with Britain over Rhodesia and taking over the banks.

The paradox is not so clear-cut as it may seem. It was always erroneous to confuse the gentle manner and good humour with "moderation" on the fundamental principles of human dignity, and there should never have been doubt where Dr. Nyerere stood so far as colonialism, or the continuance of white minority rule in Africa, was concerned. This selection from his writings and speeches between 1952 and 1965 includes, for example, an abridged version of his article in *The Observer* on March 7, 1961, in which he declared that if South Africa stayed in the Commonwealth, Tanganyika, on becoming independent, would not join it.

Like the speeches of his friend and fellow leader Dr. Kenneth Kaunda (*Zambia Independence and Beyond*, reviewed here on December 15), President Nyerere's underline the extent to which any leader of a young and underdeveloped country must concern himself with the details of administration and policy. In Dr. Nyerere's case, this necessity led him soon after independence to resign from the Prime Ministership in order to reorganize the ruling party, Tanu. To a greater extent than Dr. Kaunda, however, Tanzania's President has dwelt on the deep underlying principles of statecraft. Both are men of sincere principle. The difference is one of approach and presentation.

Racial equality, for example, has always been a cardinal point in Dr. Nyerere's philosophy. He stated his belief to the Fourth Committee of the United Nations in 1956. He was prepared to resign shortly before independence in 1961 rather than accept racial limitations to Tanganyikan citizenship.

He has always been a convinced proponent of African unity, being prepared to delay Tanganyika's independence if delay would achieve an independent East African federation. Yet, unlike Dr. Nkrumah of Ghana, he recognized the obstacles.

From the pages of this book Julius Nyerere emerges as a man of passion, prepared to sacrifice expedience to principle, but still endowed with the sense of humour which has always been one of his most pronounced attributes. His letter to officials and Ministers attacking pomposity (in July, 1963) is a gem: "The office of President . . . carries with it the duties and the responsibilities of the Head of State. It does not, or it must certainly should not, oblige its holder to become also the greatest public nuisance in the capital city!" (He was condemning the practice of clearing the roads of traffic whenever he moved about.)

Throughout these pages, President Nyerere is a consistent man. All the more striking, therefore, are his recent nationalization measures, for they do point to a paradox.

Consider these quotations: 1955 at the U.N. Trusteeship Council: "We shall also welcome immigrants who come to our country for the purpose of setting up specific industries or for doing business with us. . . ." From a speech to the Association of Chambers of Commerce of Eastern Africa in February, 1963, discussing the "accusation" that Tanzania wanted investment on her own terms:

> Our "guilty" in this connection, in other words, is the greatest safeguard that private investment can have. It is a recognition of the fact that we need private investment for our social purposes. Therefore we shall not wantonly damage our hope of obtaining it.

Laying the foundation-stone of the E.N.I. oil refinery in February, 1965: "On this basis of mutual benefit we . . . welcome private investment in this, and in other, fields."

There are contradictions implicit in these words and subsequent actions. They do not alter the fact that President Nyerere is a remarkable and a sincere man.



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MAKING UP THEIR MOODS

A. RICHARD TURNER: *The Vision of Landscape in Renaissance Italy.* 217pp. 150 plates. Oxford University Press. £5.

Mr. Turner's book is designed "to introduce the non-specialist to landscape in Italian Renaissance paintings". It is not, as the author is at pains to stress, an account of the way in which Renaissance artists saw or rendered landscape. "Mood born of the union of figures and landscape", we read in the opening chapter, "is the subject of these essays", and the theme of the book is the expressive use to which landscape was put by Italian painters.

"Any attempt to talk seriously about landscape in a painting", writes Mr. Turner in a sentence which epitomizes his main thesis, "must find the slippery word 'mood' an inescapable starting point." In this book it is not so much a starting point as the pivot round which the argument revolves. For Leonardo "landscape was a vehicle to convey mood", while the paintings of Bellini "are fairly steeped in mood, and where landscape is present, the mood assumes a special quality". The trouble with the slippery word is that it is ambiguous; it can describe a state of mind that was present to the artist and was consciously imposed upon the work of art that he produced, and it can also describe a state of mind that is not inherent in the work of art but is imposed on it by us. Writing of the "Mona Lisa", Mr. Turner declares that "the meaning of any picture lies in the dialogue between it and a beholder at any given moment", and it is clear from the tenor of his book that he believes this proposition to be true. Thus he can write of Giovanni Bellini that the "deeper meaning" of the Naples "Transfiguration" "differs little" from that of the "St. Francis in Ecstasy" in the Frick Collection. But the "deeper meaning" of these two paintings is entirely different; what they have in common is the impact they make on a not too attentive observer today.

Since "mood, which flees definition like the shadow pursued, is the critic's proper quarry", and since "the demonstrable is not of central importance", the range of permissible interpretation is infinite. It is all the greater in that so many landscapes exist in the no-man's-land of the ineffable. The light in Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks" "lends the picture its peculiar ineffableness". Though Bellini, in the Uffizi "Allegory", "as an artistic sensibility must have realized that allegory is but a blunt tool to reveal an intangible mystery", the painting is "most modern in its ineffable evocativeness". Giorgione's "Tempesta" is a "compelling, ineffable mood poem", and in the "Concert" in the Louvre "much of the ineffable quality lies in the ambiguous psychological relation of one figure to another". This last painting, moreover, contains "layers of meaning, the most important of which is a question of feeling rather than intellect, inexplicable through words. We may accept this ineffable meaning, and grant that it lies at the heart of the painting." By an extension of this line of thought, "the question of how many strictly pastoral subjects are attributable to Giorgione loses its interest, for his contribution was an ineffable one, the creation of a landscape of mood whose meaning transfigures the particular subject matter". In whatever direction Mr. Turner leads us, we come up against the brick wall of ineffability.

When an experience seems to be ineffable, three courses are open to the writer. The first, that adopted by Pater, is to hint obliquely at its character. The shadow of Pater falls across many pages in the present book —the face of Dosso Dossi's "Circe" is, for example, "flushed by fullness of life and framed by the golden fringe of a silk turban"—but it is no disrespect to Mr. Turner to say that his aesthetic receiving set is a good deal less subtle than Pater's and his use of the English language a good deal less communicative. The second course is to desist from writing, and the third is, through analysis, to render the experience a trifle less ineffable than it appeared at first. Though Giorgione's "Castelfranco Madonna" seems to Mr. Turner "to exist more as a state of mind than as an actual presence", and though the Louvre "Concert" likewise has "the quality of a spiritual state rather than a physical fact", both pictures have a physical existence and can be discussed in fairly precise terms. Certainly we learn more about Giovanni Bellini as a landscape painter from the lucid sentences of Roger Fry than from the word-encumbered pages of this tome.

The book consists of an introductory section on landscape in the fifteenth century, followed by chapters on Leonardo da Vinci, Piero di Cosimo, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian and other Venetian artists. There follows a section, the most interesting in the book, on landscape painting in Emilia from Tura to Niccolo dell'Abate. The volume closes with a survey of landscape in Rome from Polidoro da Caravaggio to Brill, an account of Annibale Carracci as a landscape painter, and a chapter called "Ville," dealing with the use of landscape in the decoration of the Farnesina, the Villa Giulia, the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, the Villa Imperiale at Pesaro, and the Villa Barbaro at Maser. The second half of the book is more successful than the first, because it is concerned on an historical and not simply on a critical plane. To judge from his illuminating comments on Muziano, Sustris and Garofalo, Mr. Turner, critic, is a better art historian than art critic.

It is perhaps worth noting that in the first chapter the application of linear perspective to landscape is totally misunderstood. "A mind thoroughly imbued with the methods of linear perspective", writes Mr. Turner, "would not only be ill-equipped to create the illusion of landscape space, but might even need to unlearn the precise and artificial limitations imposed by perspective." The fact is that linear perspective was a method of depicting objects, trees and houses as well as human beings, in receding space. It is used in this way by Ghiberti, in the beautiful landscape reliefs on the Gate of Paradise, and by Donatello, in the tondo of St. John on Patmos in the Old Sacristy, and it was indeed the discipline that enabled both artists to produce some of the most evocative and most convincing landscapes of their time. The landscape on the left of Baldovinetti's fresco in the forecourt of the Annunziata, which is reproduced by Mr. Turner, also postulates the use of a perspective grid.

The great Central Italian artist whose landscape style can be most fully traced in painting is Raphael, but in the present book Raphael's work is not discussed. Neither is that of Fra Bartolomeo, the only artist of the period by whom we have a corpus of landscape drawings and painted landscapes too. With Fra Bartolomeo it is possible to establish an equation between what the artist painted and what he saw, while with Raphael we are confronted by pictures in which the miraculous component of the landscape is in aesthetic harmony with the figures but does not affect their "meaning" in any way. Instead Mr. Turner writes on Piero di Cosimo, whose "landscape would be called a historical landscape. It attempts to depict the state of the world as it was when mankind began." But Piero di Cosimo's landscapes do nothing of the kind. The subject of his pictures is the early history of man, and their landscapes, in their figurative context, are things in which the figures depict a countryside that... and part of the pleasure... paintings give us springs... ability to project imagery... into the world of his... .

Yet the expression "... day" implies a degree of... which most of the artists... in Mr. Turner's book... Cosimo among them... regarded as impermissible... which many of them were... For the reason why Italian paintings moves us... it is, almost invariably, ... landscape. It may be... related to landscapes that... and the artist knew—the... grounds of Piero della... Montefeltro portraits, with... limations of the landscape... Urbino, or Giovanni di... their distillation of the... Senese, or Giovanni Bellini... their recollections of... terra firma, or Baldovinetti... Pollajuolo's abstracts of... d'Arno—but it is invariably... ned as an artistic construct... painting, and its function... hance or to illuminate the... scene. Mr. Turner indeed... thing of this kind when he... the lake in the background... Uffizi "Allegory" as "... rather than a part of... and when he writes the... lini becomes the fountain... a tradition of seeing landscape... will lead through the Venetians... an ultimate culmination in... and Poussin". In this sense... participle "seeing" is... for what Bellini offers us... scene landscape but a pictorial... scape that has been validated... lar experience. We would... trees and flowers of Fra... San Marco altarpiece as... of naive naturalism did we... that initially the palm... cypresses and cedars and... included in the painting as... or attributes, and it has... demonstrated and in Bella... Francis in Ecstasy" scientific... same process occurred. To... these backgrounds create "... a statement of the obvious;... reason why they were present... critic's task is to describe... and define the mood that... lished, and this would be... the writing of another, more... focused, more perceptive kind...

SYMBOLIZING SHAKESPEARE

MARTIN LINGS: *Shakespeare in the Light of Sacred Art.* 130pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Dr. Lings begins with a brief impertinence: his suggestion that it is "difficult to take seriously" the work of Raphael and Michelangelo gives fair warning of his bias. His book is, indeed, an attempt, often interesting, always ingenious and sometimes sophistical, to vindicate certain strongly personal predispositions by the formulation of a general and dogmatic critical theory. His partiality is for the vaguely "medieval", for a sacramental, or at least symbolist, way of thought; and since, for him, the archetypes of Renaissance humanism are not Erasmus and Hooker but Edmund and Iago, Dr. Lings is concerned to show that Shakespeare was out of place in his empirical and inquiring age. The dogma on which his thesis rests, is that the greater plays are all, in one way or another, allegories of Everyman's journey towards salvation or sanctification, and that the greatest of them are those in which the allegory is most complete and comprehensible. It is not, of course, the first time that certain plays, in particular, *Henry IV* and *Lear*, have been interpreted in this way, and Dr. Lings is safe on this well-charted ground; but the general and doctrinaire application of his theory leads him into curious critical positions. Most of the plays are ruthlessly set aside "so as not to confuse the issue"; *Macbeth* is a "short-falling" pot-boiler; *Coriolanus* is allowed virtues of detail only.

The right of Dr. Lings to make his own perverse evaluations is not in question; his didactic exposition of meanings is another matter. A number of peripheral inaccuracies are the consequence of his blinkered and selective view; a striking misinterpretation of Horatio's "Why, what a king is this!" appears no fewer than three times. Above all, his preoccupation with absolute symbols tempts Dr. Lings into unacceptable straining of dramatic sense: in spite of his pretension that he is "concentrating on what is immediately obvious from the texts", he is able to assert that Claudius is Shakespeare's attempt to improve upon Falstaff, that Antony and Cleopatra "are revocable symbols of errant Soul and transcending Spirit, that in Lear's last words there is the strongest possible suggestion of life after death". And so it is surprising that Dr. Lings, with his parabolic Absolute Reality and macrocosmic meanings, should consider the plays in terms of the theatre at all. When he does so, his general advice is admirable: observe the detail of Shakespeare's intention where it is identifiable and the impact of the play will take care of itself. He does not follow his own precept; his practical advice comes in the form of unsupported, sometimes insupportable, assertions. There is no defence for his claim that Shakespeare "had a special love for old music" (did Robert Johnson share it?), or that he "wrote on the understanding that" his actors would be supported in their speeches by a "marvellous undercurrent" of medieval and Elizabethan dance music. These partialities, like so many in the book, belong to Dr. Lings, not to Shakespeare.

ANTWERP MANNERIST

GEORGES MARLIER: *La Renaissance flamande: Pieter Coeck d'Alost.* 427pp. Brussels: Robert Finck.

One of the most arid tracts of Flemish painting is what is generally known as Antwerp Mannerism. The volume under review is devoted to a most typical Antwerp mannerist artist, Pieter Coeck, who according to Van Mander was a pupil of Bernard Van Orley and who is mentioned by Guicciardini as early as 1567 as a distinguished painter, designer of tapestries and architect. An early section of M. Marlier's book is headed with the surprising question "Le Maniérisme anversois existe-t-il?", to which only one answer is possible, that unhappily it did.

Two aspects of Pieter Coeck's work are reasonably secure. The first is the set of seven engravings of the "Moeurs et Fachons des Turcs", which were made as the result of a journey to Constantinople in 1533 and were published in 1553, three years after the painter's death. The other is two groups of tapestries, nine scenes from the life of St. Paul and eight scenes from the story of Joshua, for both of which some preliminary drawings are known, and a third set of the Seven Deadly Sins. The pivot for study of Coeck as a painter is the large triptych with the Descent from the Cross, Christ in Limbo and the Resurrection in Lisbon, which was identified by Puyvelde with a painting ascribed to Coeck in a document of 1585. This attribution can be accepted with some confidence, but the task of clarifying the immense number of paintings that are loosely associable with it is a far from easy one. In the present book much care appears to have been taken in recapitulating the existing evidence, but the... the illustrations, more than a number, are inset on a... makes it difficult to check the... ability of M. Marlier's... judgments. How important a... tative judgment is may be... the case of the so-called Master... Saintes-Cènes (whom M. M... following earlier authorities... flates with Pieter Coeck), the... tor of a composition of which... one versions survive...

No less disconcerting is the larger number of... "Adorations of the Mag... seem to originate with the... Master of 1518 (here identified... Jan van Dornicke, the father of... Coeck's first wife) and were... M. Marlier's view, developed... Coeck along more... lines. Students who are... in the writer's debt... volumes on Antonis Mor... Ambrosius Benson will feel... indebted to him for the patient assembly of the related facts about Coeck. Like most of his contemporaries, Coeck made... use of Italian motifs—one of the pictures ascribed to him, the... of the "Redeemer in Glory" Landshut, depends at second... from Raphael's "Vision of Ezechiel"... and it is to be hoped that the sources and his attitude towards... will one day be examined...

COAST TO COAST

Australian stories 1965-6 chosen by Clement Semmler

Patrick White*
Hal Porter
Katharine Prichard
Hugh Atkinson
Alan Marshall
Marjorie Barnard
Peter Cowan
G. M. Glaskin
and sixteen other writers

*"The Full Belly"
previously unpublished

March 30 25s.

Angus and Robertson

Fiction

THE JOKER IS WILD

JOHN BARTH: *Giles Goat-Boy* or The Revised New Syllabus. 710pp. Secker and Warburg. £2 2s.

"Take elements of *Pilgrim's Progress* and *1984*, mix with infusions of *Alice in Wonderland* and the best of Kafka, add a taste of *Gulliver's Travels*"; it sounds like a publisher's cocktail —which it is for the pre-publication party. Bang the big drum, even a tin drum with the little hunchback transformed now to Billy Bocksfuss, but what appears is not the Big American Novel tuckahimed in the United States), merely the Big American College Novel in transcendent dress, ironic culmination of the solipsist campus, of which many a *Groves of Academe* has been the prophet, *Pale Fire* its John the Baptist.

The blasphemy is deliberate: for John Barth thrives on a vast repertoire of juvenile blasphemy, sophomoric sex jokes, rhyming slang (George's Gorge, Dean's Ravine, Quiet Riot) before which the mind slowly reels this *spiel* is literally in reels of computer tape) and his Virgil, Prospero and seer is naturally a Jew, Max Spielman. The whole *universitas* is now a university—its West Campus under the patronage of the Founder, author of the Old Syllabus, and his son Enos Enoch (dedicated man), ex-Grand Tutor, whose system for passing finals has long proved invalid, now known as Shepherd Emeritus; its East Campus occupied by the Nikolayans who are Founderless. After the Bonifacists in Siegfrieder College attacked the neighbouring quads, every college in the University had been involved in the Second Campus Riot. Now a permanent state of Quiet Riot has intervened, with WESCAC and EASCAC, the twin computers of West Campus and East Campus, dominating all student life and challenging each other.

It is a time of fear under the shadow of the EAT-ray, with old West Campus faith foundering and the ceremony of the Dean o' Flunks at Commencement Gate become no more than a charade, "a kind of decorous folk belief".

Students still crowded once a week into Founder's Hall to petition an invisible "Examiner" for leniency; schoolchildren still were taught the moral principles of Moishe's Code and the Seminar-on-the-Hill; but in practice only the superstitious really felt any more that the beliefs they ran their lives by had any ultimate validity.

It is a time of sectarianism—the Pre-Schoolers, the Curricularists, the Evolutionaries, the quasi-mystical lysists, the neo-Enochians, the Bonifacists, the Secular-Studentists, the Ethical Quadranglists, the Sexual Programmatists, the Tragicists and New Quixotics, the "Angry Young Freshmen", the "Beist Generation", and all the rest.

Into this world is launched a false Messiah (Harold Bray) and a counter-claimant, found within WESCAC's diet tapelift, Giles (Grand-tutorial Ideal, Laboratory Eugenical Specimen) Goat-Boy, a twenty-two-year-old "horned human student" from the School of Animal Husbandry, knight-errant in search of his identity. His heroic exploits, his struggles to be accepted as new Grand Tutor, form the basis of the allegory. From goat wisdom ("Who neglects his appetites suffers their pangs; Who presumes incautiously may well be butted; Who fouls his stall must sleep in filth") to a thirty-three-year-old scapegoat hounded by the lynch-mob runs the course of this *Revised New Syllabus*.

"What is the answer?" asked Gertrude Stein on her death-bed: and when her friend sat silent, "In that case", she said, "what is the question?" Which is the spirit of *Giles Goat-Boy*. "This Enos Enoch, Billy!" explains Max Spielman, ages ago he was the shepherd of the *goyim*, and I like him okay. He was the Shepherd Emeritus that died for his sheep. But look here: he told his students *Ask, and you'll find the Answer*; that's why the *goyim* call him their Grand Tutor, and the Founder's own son. But we Maishians say *Ask, and you'll keep on asking* . . . There's the difference between us.

This book, too, supplies no answers: both the doctrine that good and evil are totally distinct and the doctrine that they are indistinguishable land the Goat-Boy in disaster. In the end there is only a riddle. "To Pass All, Fail All" ("He that loses his life . . . shall find it") and reprieve from the gallows ("Failure is Passage").

The whole book is a riddle not exactly a *roman à clef*, but a ghostly identity parade where shadows of Presidents Eisenhower and Johnson (in the two Chancellors), Khrushchev, the Kennedy clan, the late J. Robert Oppenheimer ("hero of the scientific fraternity . . . sacked without notice or benefits, on the ground that his loyalty was questionable"), J. Edgar Hoover, Leslie Fiedler (from John Barth's own campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo), the Dalai Lama are all dimly discernible, as well as a host of American fictional heroes from Natty Bumppo to Huckleberry Finn (turned husband now) and Melville's Queequeg.

But neither the inner key of this allegory nor the outer key of the contemporary charade is what ultimately matters. In an early passage the Goat-Boy ponders:

> It was explained to me then that unlike the goats, whose one desire (if something unconscious may be called that) was to be supremely goatish, human beings did not aspire to be supremely human. Rather, they chose some single activity of life such as watching stars or making music and strove for excellence there exclusively, ignoring the rest. This notion of *majors* and *vocations* was not easy for me to understand.

It is freedom for the human being to be fully human that matters; and in the lengthy front matter—consisting of cover-letters and editorial reports, themselves half satyr-satire (on publishers) and elaborate mock-apologetic (for the author)—at least one editor and J. B. resign to set about their own re-education: "*Except ye become as a kindergartener, ye shall not pass.*" In that sense the allegory is perhaps ultimately meant as parable, whose challenge is to apply our judgment to life.

For the randy gusto of the copulative sequences, in all their variety of hand thrusting (to be expected from the author of *The Sot-Weed Factor*), remains curiously unpornographic: scene after scene with students humping, laying, tupping, servicing, swiving, mounting, clipping, screwing their females (or fellow-males on occasion) — this endless strip-cartoon comedy for sexual members is liberating precisely because it expresses neither joy nor pain but utter indifference. In the same way the schoolboy blasphemies, where Moishe leads his people to the Promised Quad, Enos Enoch flings the Business Administration concessionaires bodily from Founder's Hall, followed by his Twelve Trustees, where "*Many are Registered but few are Qualified*", is curiously liberating from the pressures of the Judaic heritage, while reorientating, not destroying, its content.

Our Founder, Who art omniscient,
Commenced be Thy name.
Thy College come: Thy Assignments done
On Campus as beyond the Gate.

Give us this term Thy tennis wood.
And excuse us our scribbling.
As we excuse classmates who crib from us.

Lead us not into procrastination.
But deliver us from exam:
For Thine is the rank, tenure, and seniority, for ever.
So pass us.

may seem a juvenile exercise, but is all part (in Leslie Fiedler's phrase) of Barth's existential comedy, returning his manhood to man.

The vast hyperbole of the enterprise is impressive. How much of its aim is achieved will no doubt depend on the reader. For in the words of his own Taliped Decanus Iafias Oedipus Rex): "the mom that eats her kids is Mother Campus"; and those whose intellects have not been there devoured may find the fantasy hard to penetrate, or simply boring. The lusty Tom Jones hero—stepping out of a Houyhnhnm land (of goats) into a Laputa (of competing computer technologies), to become a Jewish-type Messiah or Grand-Tutor is possible only where Eng. Lit., foundation year freshmen sunrises, the comic strip and the *Kama Sutra* reach hands. For this gigantic shaggy dog of a story has also, like most shaggy dogs, devoured the jokester.

When the adventures of "Shreddie-boy", as it were (with their cartoon-balloon language: "Awah! Nyet! *Da!* Open Sesame! Borscht borscht!", "That Dean o' Flunks! . . . *Ach*, I hate them!"), become the analogue for literature, American readers, more used to seeing the comic strip overtake literature, may be more bowled over too to find literature now overtaking the comic strip. But to treat the university as a paradigm of the universe is itself capricious. Whatever this may reveal about universities, it is not at all revealing about the universe. The joke is tortured at all points, less of a symbol ultimately than a symptom of the solipsist mentality inducted on the isolated, beleaguered campus. The main appeal of *Goat-Boy* must be to others caught in the same beleaguered syndrome.

The tone of the opening is at once dream-like and pastoral, with the caprine Stoker Giles appearing like the White Rabbit to Alice. The Groves of Academe lend themselves to pastoral day-dreaming, but this *Après-Midi d'un Faune* is strictly for American kids—a camp *Lord of the Rings* (turned *Lord of the Reels*), a quest, a book of doom, a dream in a science fiction landscape, home-made for the American teenager, whose grail is no longer Mordor, but WESCAC's belly, the Automatic Implementation Mechanism or AIM of the university computer's diet-tapes.

But the aim of the whole is not found within WESCAC but expressed in the Zen fable of the hermit (some Dylan Thomas or bearded Ginsberg) of the opening:

> From all the busy millions a handful seek him out. . . . We had asked for revelations; he palms off his muddled dreams. "Show us Beauty", we plead; he bares his rump to us. "Show us Goodness", we beg, and he mounts our wives and daughters. "Ah, sir!" we implore him, "give us the Truth!" He thrusts up a forefinger from each temple and declares, "You are cuckolds all."

And yet I say the quiet is guilty, hotel is the engineer; the joke's on the joker, that's the joker's joke. Better victimized by Knowledge than suffocated by Ignorance, to be Wisdom's prey is to be its ward. Deceived, we see our self-deception; suffering the lie, we come to truth; and in the knowledge of our failure hope to Pass.

Or in the moral appended to the long parody of *Oedipus Rex*: "Committed and condemned to knowledge! That's the only Graduation offered on West Campus, George—and, my dear boy, we *are* Westerners!"

The first issue of a three-yearly Evelyn Waugh Newsletter will appear in April. Subscriptions ($1 a year, or 8s.) and correspondence should be sent to the English Department, Nassau Community College, State University of New York, Garden City, New York 11530

Michael Joseph

New books for April

GENERAL

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
Madame Sarah (50s)

RONALD JESSUP
Age by Age
LANDMARKS OF BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY (30s)

MICHAEL IVENS *and*
REGINALD DUNSTAN (*Editors*)
The Case for Capitalism (63s)

ROBERT MENGIN
No Laurels for De Gaulle
A PERSONAL APPRAISAL OF THE LONDON YEARS
Translated by Jay Allen (50s)

ROBERT MERLE
Ben Bella
Translated by Camilla Sykes (30s)

The Death of a President

November 20-25 1963

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

April 17 (60s)

FICTION

JOHN WINTON
H.M.S. Leviathan (30s)

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD
The Courtesy of Death (25s)

PELHAM BOOKS

GREGOR DE ROMASZKAN
Horse and Rider in Equilibrium (25s)

ALEX MURPHY
Saints Hit Double Top (25s)

MARYHELEN VANNIER
A Better Figure for You Through Easy Exercises and Diet (21s)

RALPH HESTER
Water Skiing (25s)

DENIS LAW
The Golden Boots (13s 6d)

GARY SOBERS
Bonaventure and the Flashing Blade (13s 6d)

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION

JUST AS IT is perhaps unwise to base the title of a book on a question, it would certainly be unfair to judge the book on the answer. For it is almost immediately apparent that, whatever they were, the *Enragés* were *not* socialists; and Dr. Rose's *The Enragés: Socialists of the French Revolution?* is very good value indeed at one pound, not because of his answer, but because he seeks to define the *Enragés* by applying to them a whole series of other tests.

The *Enragés*, a name they were given by their enemies, who were many and powerful, were a group both tiny and weak. Some historians have limited them to three only; the most commonly agreed total—and one for which the present author opts—is five. A few have put it higher; it is very much a matter of taste, according to whether one is to restrict membership to Paris or to extend it to include an unspecified number of provincial "wild men" of similar temperament. Dr. Rose's members are Jacques Roux, a priest from the Angoumois who became the Juror *vicaire* of Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs in the Gravilliers district of Paris; Jean-François Varlet, who was Paris-born; Théophile Leclerc, of planter stock, born in the Forez and often described, because of his political activities there, as "Leclerc de Lyon"; Pauline Léon, the daughter of a Paris *chocolatier*; and Claire Lacombe, an actress from Pamiers.

The *Enragés* are no doubt unique in the history of left-wing extremist splinter groups in that they cannot be defined in terms of an exclusive ideological content; nor can their identity be established by the purity of the doctrine that they preached. Despite the fact that one of Roux's biographers, Maurice Dommanget, should have published his *Jacques Roux, le curé rouge*, with the Éditions Spartacus—a publishing venture at one time associated with one of many independent Marxist *groupuscules*—nothing less like the Spartacists than this disparate group of revolutionary individualists could be imagined. They had in common, it is true, political failure, and Jacques Roux met a violent death. They have too certain historians in common: for it is their very lack of success that has inspired the interest displayed in both groups by Dommanget and by Guérin. To most, failure is not a particularly significant—or endearing—touchstone; but allowances must be made for Trotskyites and adherents of the P.S.U.

* * *

Even in their crude political aspirations and methods, the *Enragés* are indistinguishable from the general run of sans-culotte militants and even from many of the Cordelier leaders; the only thing that distinguishes them from the so-called Hébertistes is their timing (they got in first, but this did them more harm than good), as well as the sincerity and the lack of ambition of at least one of their number. For while Hébert attempted to *use* the people to help him into a position of power, Roux, who was one of the most sympathetic personalities revealed by the Revolution, voiced popular grievances in their own right, because he thought that something should be done about them, because, as a priest in one of the poorest quarters of Paris, he was utterly shocked by what he saw—people starving, blankeiless, in crowded attics; unemployed journeymen and jobless builders' apprentices with large families, deprived of relief; the wretchedness of the very old and the infirm, of pensioners and of mothers of large families, of women in the former luxury trades, of governesses and seamstresses, of former organists and the proletariat of ecclesiastical society—*chanoines, suisses*, and so on—all categories for whom the Revolution had not only done nothing but had actually undone the little that had been done for them by the old government.

Roux was the sort of person who gravitated to the extreme left as a result of *une capacité de s'indigner*—according to Alain, one of the marks of the breed. He was one of those rare people who took equality literally and who believed that at least it should mean a full stomach for all. He was constantly harping on this dangerous theme; dangerous, because most of his parishioners—and people in the claw beneath the sans-culottes all over Paris—saw it that way too, thought that the Revolution should mean enough food for all. Roux was not a socialist or a communist or anything of that sort; he expressed no views on property or on the *loi agraire*; it is doubtful if he even thought about such things. But he became indignant when he saw that many were starving, in the middle of a Revolution, while a few were obtaining all the basic daily needs of life. This made him angry, and so he demanded immediate, tangible remedies, in the language of his parishioners. What was worse, when he came to the bar of the Convention or of the Commune, he did not come alone; he spoke for and with the inhabitants of a couple of Sections who were so devoted to him that even a year after he had committed suicide in a Robespierrist gaol, they were being pulled in for publicly recalling the memory of the "Good Priest". His followers were Auvergnat watercarriers, Savoyard chimney-sweeps, market porters, builders' apprentices (of whom there were many in the Gravilliers), journeymen carpenters, coal heavers, river workers, categories that had no stake in the Revolution and that hardly impinged on the so-called "popular movement", that of the sans-culotte militants. They were not householders; they remained, even in 1793-94, as sub-citizens with military service as their only "right", and with no one other than Roux to speak up for them.

* * *

That was why Roux was a dangerous man who had to go; he was not even a demagogue who could be bought off, and the Hébertistes who were and could be, loathed him for it. He was in their way and as long as he could write and speak they were made to look rather fraudulent. So they cooperated with a Revolutionary Government (which they were seeking to replace) to destroy Roux; every argument—especially the lowest—was used against him: that he was a priest, that he had never formally abjured the priesthood nor publicly renounced Christianity—he went on preaching in the summer of 1793—that he was unmarried, that he lived with a *gouvernante*, that he had quarrelled with Marat (after sheltering him), that he had been denounced by Marat a few days before his assassination—and Marat's "widow" was induced to come forward and denounce the impostor who had the impudence to claim Marat's succession (Roux really was a friend of the people, but in small letters). Robespierre and his colleagues could not stand a person who was really in contact with the common people, who knew what they wanted (which was not Virtue or Supreme Being) and who was constantly coming up with inconvenient truths. Robespierre did not like to be reminded of food; he probably thought eating an immoral activity, or, at least, rather an indecent one; anyone who suggested that the Revolution was about food ("vulgar groceries") had not got the Message. The Revolution was about higher things—Virtue, and so on. Robespierre loved the People dearly, and knew what was good for them; there had been no mention of food in the history of Sparta. He simply could not stand men like Roux; and when, with the enthusiastic help of Hébert and the Commune, he had hounded Roux to suicide and had then discovered, to his fury, that even without their spokesman the lower orders continued to complain about the lack of food, the had quality of bread, the unfairness of a rationing system that still left the best bits to the rich, he made food a forbidden subject altogether. People were not to talk about it; there was no food crisis, he said; those who referred to one would create one; if they did talk about food, they were making trouble and were, even if they did not know it, counter-revolutionaries. Two months after Roux's suicide, fifteen journeymen and apprentices from the Section des Lombards were arrested by Robespierre's police because they had publicly raised the question of the meat ration a taboo subject—an action that was a posthumous testimony to Roux's own effectiveness as a popular spokesman.

Roux is interesting and very endearing because he is the only personality who went into the Revolution without the intention of gaining anything. He did achieve a few modest successes, was elected to the Commune, even seems to have been particularly horrible to the unfortunate Louis XVI in the last weeks of his life—saying, according to the legend, that there was really no point, given his position, in the former King having his teeth seen to (though this seems out of keeping). He started a paper, wrote a number of pamphlets; but these were not thought of as vehicles of his ambitions, in order to bring him to power on a tidal wave of popular indignation. Roux wanted the Convention to do something about starvation, poverty, food shortage, the unequal distribution of the necessities of life; and when the Convention failed to respond, he denounced it.

* * *

That is about all there is to him; he was not a *doctrinaire*, nor the forerunner of any nineteenth or twentieth-century political creed. He was just an unusually good priest. Nor was he a member of a group. There was no group. Roux, Varlet and Leclerc had only this in common: that they were rather awkward charlies, odd men out, excluded from the "respectable" forms of revolutionary agitation, and making more direct a popular appeal than any of the "ins" including the members of the Commune. But that is all; Roux was certainly irascible, *exalté*, even a bit mystical; but he was not a crackpot. Varlet, on the other hand, was. The authorities were worried about Roux; Varlet they rightly considered as harmless—the sort of professional eccentric that any régime can afford to tolerate—and that some invent. There was something reassuring about the presence each day on the terrace of the Tuileries of this young egomaniac with private means, on his stand, and surrounded by his acolytes dressed, like himself, as super-sans-culottes. He became part of the Paris scene, just as, for thirty years, Prince Monolulu was an integral part of the landscape at Hyde Park Corner. The authorities had no need to worry about Varlet; they knew that if they blew, he would fall down. They had something on him—he was of military age and (very naturally) preferred defending the Revolution in Paris rather than on the frontiers or in the Vendée. And, if he got out of hand or a little uppish, a sharp reminder from above or a brief spell in prison would be enough to bring him back to his senses. He always knew when to take a hint. And, so he survived the great Government purge of "ultra-revolutionaries" that followed the destruction of the Hébertistes in the spring of 1794; indeed in May he was vice-president of a purged Section. He only suffered minor harm during the Thermidorian Reaction, and even the police of the Empire thought him scarcely worth bothering about. By then he had become one of the things to see in Paris, like the double-bearded policeman of the Porte Saint-Martin in the 1930s. If he had not had a private income, he could well have qualified for a small Government pension.

Roux was in his forties; Varlet was in his middle twenties; Leclerc in his early twenties. But that was about all the last two had in common, save a rivalry to succeed Marat as journalists. Leclerc came from a comfortable planter background, and he had no real understanding of popular grievances. (As in the case of Varlet, a small income of 5,000 livres separated him from the mess of the common people; no great sum, but enough to isolate him.) All that he shared with the people was a taste for violence, and his programme if it could be called that—added up to little more than incessant and screaming demands for more violence, more terror, more repression against more people, more (better and wheeled) guillotines. In this, of course, he was not alone, being indistinguishable from scores of men of blood, from Vincent downwards; like Vincent, he made it his special concern to call for a vast purge of the Army. But unlike Vincent he did not have an official post. Vincent and Hébert could get heads. Vincent could *get generals* guillotined; the only heads that Leclerc got were those already booked by other people. For instance, he screamed and yelled for the execution of the Général-Comte Custine, but so did Vincent. Leclerc was like a boastful, but not very good, gun who was always claiming other people's game. Like Varlet but like so many other young men who used the Revolution as a form of self-expression, he much enjoyed himself and was filled with self-conceit. He probably thought that the Revolution had been specially contrived to give him an opportunity to play a role (which he did, briefly, in March, 1793, and again on the *31 Mai*); but, enjoying no support from any of the organized pressure groups—Jacobins, Cordeliers, Commune, Ministry of War, Sections—he had to make do with obscure third-line institutions with little potential even nuisance value—*Société des femmes révolutionnaires*, and to a limited extent *Société des défenseurs de la République*. Furthermore, to base a political career in 1793-94 on feminine support and on women's rights was a form of political suicide. Still, he was rather fortunate, after having called for the death of so many people, to have survived himself. He even got a wife out of the Revolution.

* * *

Roux and Varlet had no apparent connexion with the two women who are generally included in the group: Pauline Léon and Claire Lacombe. Leclerc went to bed with Pauline and seems to have married her. For that matter, the Hébertiste Muzuel went to bed with Claire, but this, for some reason, has never got him into the group. It is not clear what Pauline and Claire had in common, other than that they were both women, in their twenties and attractive. This would hardly bring them together—on the contrary. Both too were feminists, of the most tiresome kind. They were busybodies who, while most women were concerned with keeping their children in food and clothing and with standing in queues, tried to induce the authorities to make the wearing of the cockade compulsory. No wonder they made themselves odious to the *dames de la Halle* who did not like being told what was good for them by two girls of 23 and 25, both of whom had had a comfortable childhood and neither of whom had children. Though Dr. Rose is very gentlemanly about it, there seems to be some evidence that one form of revolutionary militancy displayed by the two *amazones* was to have slept with a number of the younger and better-looking extremists. In any case, just as Leclerc got a wife out of the Revolution (and then got out of the Revolution), Pauline abandoned militancy with her marriage. Claire eventually went back to the stage. In this she had something in common with Varlet, for as an actress she seems to have been poor. But this again can hardly be taken as indicating the existence of a group. Failure or semi-failure must always represent the largest of the negative confraternities. It is too big to be meaningful; it is only in very exceptional circumstances, such as those of June, 1940, in France, that the half-baked, the dunces, the crackpots, the egomaniacs, are able momentarily to combine and turn the tables on the clever, the competent, the *diplômés*, to form Vichy. And Vichy was not governed only by imbeciles; there was Laval. In the Year Two there were plenty of competent people available.

Roux was sincere and probably a bit mad. Varlet seems to have been more than a bit mad and was able to keep himself, for long periods on end, in an almost hysterical state of excitement. But his "madness" did not make him blind to the reality ing ahead, and his sinc habit of going into cold the crucial moment. Le ambitious and, after May effective. His sincerity *par éclipse*; it went on a lighthouse well regula political barometer. As women, no doubt they can with the sort of sincerity with militant feminism, s fancy takes the form of dr or undressing in public, pre claiming and, between time bed with *frères-et-républic* the market women and de wives, it is hard to see what rather spoiled girls had to mant about.

* * *

Ultimately, the Enragé ph of many historical myths a in this instance by a combi "Government men" and a violence. All they had in com Dr. Rose very neatly puts "a common misfortune, a mon political programme their programme—more Terror, more political pu wider purge of the Army civil service—was that of Hébert. And Roux at least concerned with terror than justice. The only thing in the five had in common was fallen foul of the Jacobin dic in the winter of 1793 spring of 1794—a fate shared with a mass of stipendiaries up and down who, like them, after purg virtues of repression, sudde covered that Terror could against themselves and that game best played by Governm

Why then all the fuss? It does much to provide an answer *Enragés*, like the equally good *babouvistes*, have given the nineteenth and twentieth revolutionaries the sort of genealogy that they felt they Marx and Engels began to in 1845; Michelet, in 1847, them as a coherent party; t they were even safely in In the early 1920s Dommang exhumed them; in 1930, Ma the object of a detailed study Zakher, a Leningrad historia disappeared in 1934 to reap 1956 and resume his chair at lish a new version of his bo before his death. Since 1958, zig historian, Walter Marko made a minute investigation pre-revolutionary career of Ja has added yet another addition over-fed dictionary of revolu labels—*jacquesrouxiste* (pupils Jacques Roux), so that, since the almost yearly colloquia *babouviane*, we may soon ex international gathering devo *jacquesroutisme*.

The present author has sou to cut the *Enragés* down to s grent claims for them—a natural enough, for if he has there would be some danger subject, like the *peau de c* shrivelling up, eventually to pear altogether from view or apart into five separate cadav it is, most of his conclusions are tious and negative, even when he to squeeze something positive this disparate group. We know what they were; for they a amount to very much and, Roux, too little is known about probably because there is no know. It is something of an ex ment to have got ninety-four pa text and a book of 102 pages this quinquycle. This is certa must as they deserve. Dr. Ros given the definitive account of them upside down, emptying pockets and their heads—not either—and has then rebuilt with a decent reverence but no fuss. This should be their last place; for it is difficult to see could be found about them or about them that the author has already found and said. The very thorough, informative and recently sensible study—and a most too, of how to make really good use of five very different categories—of a small group of men and crackpots, saints and sinners, who, in their various ways, had brief impact on the Revolution

LISSADELL TO WESTMINSTER

ANNE MARRECO: *The Rebel Countess*. The Life and Times of Constance Markievicz. 330pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 5s.

In outline the romantic story of Countess Markievicz is familiar; in detail it is today largely unknown. Writing with understanding of Irish history and with sympathy for "Madame" (as Mr. de Valera called her), Mrs. Marreco has produced a fascinating biography which is a worthy successor to her study of Caroline Norton. Her book is strengthened by some valuable material—especially over the middle years of the Countess's life—provided by the Countess's step-son. Constance Markievicz was born in 1868 at Lissadell, a country property near Sligo which has passed into literature through the poems of Yeats; she was the eldest child of Sir Henry Gore-Booth, and her family had influential connexions with the English. She belonged to the Anglo-Irish aristocracy—"colonists", writes Mrs. Marreco, quoting Lady Fingall. Whether the term is entirely just is a matter of opinion. The implication that there is a difference between the Anglo-Irish and the Native-Irish has of course been directed at Somerville and Ross but such distinctions are perhaps based on nothing more creditable than bourgeois jealousy. If the Gore-Booths were colonists at least they remained in the colony; long after it had ceased to be comfortable they showed no desire to spend the evening of life playing croquet at Budleigh Salterton.

Lissadell and the prosperous background to her life really lend pathos to the story, and it is immaterial whether we regard that background as extraneous to Ireland or productive of someone who, in Mrs. Marreco's words, would have seemed to English eyes "a slightly zany Irish girl". She might easily have chosen a conventional marriage; Colonel Wilfrid Ashley—a future Conservative Minister of Transport—was possible, as was Mr. Christopher Howard, and how would our heroine have fared with that young gentleman's mother—the alarming Lady Carlisle? Through all the wild years ahead she could never divest herself of that part of her which was the Lissadell life. When she made an unconventional marriage with a Polish count he and she were welcome at the Viceroy's parties; at official parties in Dublin Castle, as he was called, sang Polish songs accompanied by his wife on the piano. The sense of responsibility fostered by her countryhouse origins never left her and explains why she was once seen carrying sacks of peat up the steps of the tenement homes of the Dublin poor.

From Mrs. Marreco's researches it is not perhaps clear beyond doubt why Countess Markievicz slipped into extremism, violence and revolution. Given her character such things were, of course, always possible. She and her husband certainly led an unconventional life in Dublin in the first decade of the century; they were in the art world, acting at the Abbey Theatre and helping to found the United Arts Club. Perhaps those who have argued that there must always be moral perils on the prowl in Bohemian life could point to the fate of the Countess as a cautionary tale. At any rate, by 1908 she had joined Sinn Fein, and publicly displayed her loyalties two years later (to all to see by appearing in a red velvet dress when the world was plunged into black for King Edward's death. Possibly (though Mrs. Marreco might dismiss the suggestion as a typical masculine sneer) some of the explanation for her conversion to extremism might rest with the charms of a young Quaker: Bulmer Hobson. Be that as it may, she was to prove a proficient pupil. From her instructor in revolution she differed in one considerable particular; he believed in fierce speech only, she believed in the sound of gunfire. In his lively book *Women on the Warpath* published last year Mr. David Mitchell includes a splendid picture of the Countess dressed for battle with a revolver in her hands. Did she fire it during the Easter rising in 1916? Her friends thought not. A brace of members in the United Services Club thought otherwise. "There's a woman on the Green pointing a gun at us" and they were outraged when a bullet whizzed between their innocent heads. When she was arrested she kissed her weapon before handing it over. She was condemned to death, and her friends believed she owed her life to the personal intervention of Asquith. She was only briefly imprisoned, and then at the general election of 1918 she was triumphantly returned for St. Patrick's, Dublin. With the other members of the Sinn Fein party she never took her seat, though she indulged the innocent vanity of going to the House of Commons to see the cloak-room peg with her name below it. Her later life was marked by a further term of imprisonment and by a running fight against the Anglo-Irish treaty which, she declared, "I oppose with all the force of my whole existence".

Cecil Chesterton, having in mind the prosperity enjoyed by many of the English suffragettes, once said that all they wanted was "Votes for Ladies". Might it not be said in the same fashion that the Countess's life could be summed up in the words "aux armes, beau monde"? But Mrs. Marreco will convince her readers that there was something more in the absorbing story of this strange, complex personality "tried in the fires of woe". She was the first woman elected to Parliament in the British Isles, and her story illustrates a character which is an inspiration for all of her sex who come after her at Westminster. "Ease and station she put aside and took the hard way of service with the weak and downtrodden"; the speaker was Mr. de Valera.

DUBLIN FIRST-NIGHTER

ROBERT HOGAN and MICHAEL J. O'NEILL (Editors): *Joseph Holloway's Abbey Theatre*. 296pp. Southern Illinois University Press. London: Feffer and Simons. £2 16s.

The 221 semi-legible notebooks which make up the Holloway Diaries in the National Library of Ireland have long been a bugbear to serious students of the Irish Renascence. Some have glanced and shuddered; some, Frank O'Connor and Sean O'Casey among them, have denounced "an impossible pile of rubbish"; most have passed guiltily by. All knew it was a goldmine, for Joseph Holloway never missed an Abbey Theatre or any other Dublin first night in sixty years. What was needed was a conscientious mining team to extract the gold.

In *Joseph Holloway's Abbey Theatre*, two young American scholars, Robert Hogan and Michael J. O'Neill, prove themselves exactly the diggers required. They have limited their subject-matter to the Abbey (except for one extract on the Easter Rising) and the amateur movements leading up to it, and their period from 1899 to 1926, which covers the theatre's origins and the Abbey years of O'Casey. They have eliminated the worst of the clichés and "several million exclamation marks", and the result, surprisingly, is a gay and readable as well as historically important book.

Holloway was a bachelor, an architect in a desultory way (he was engaged by Miss Horniman to convert the Mechanics' Institute into her Abbey Theatre), and colourless except for this one theatrical passion which lifted him to moments almost of greatness. Already, when the amateurs were putting on the first plays of Yeats and Synge in their poky concert-rooms, he knew that something wonderful was afoot: the temptation of seeing again real live plays lovingly interpreted by players with their soul in their work was too strong for me to resist".

"They are more than amateurs, these players", he writes in November of 1903,

for they work with the object of doing something that will be a credit to their native land and make people be prouder than ever of being of Irish birth. Each rehearsal I attend astonishes me more and more, and makes me marvel how all these young people, night after night, so there to rehearse after their hard day's work, instead of gadding about as most young people usually do.

When, at the end of the next year, the Abbey opens its doors, he is more than just its architect, he is the quintessence of the tiny but fervent Dublin audience without which the achievement of Yeats and Lady Gregory and the Fays would be impossible.

Holloway was largely self-educated, is considered to have been reliable as a judge of acting, but is certainly less so as a judge of plays. Yet if he denounces the "immorality" of Synge and O'Casey, it is chiefly because he is too timid to go against the opinion of his cronies. Left to himself, he responds to the "strange and powerful dialect" of Synge, and finds O'Casey's characters "so true to life and humorous that all swallow the bitter pill".

His instincts are similarly right about people. At the height of the *Playboy* row he is bleating that "Yeats, Synge and Gregory are degenerates of the worst type"—but his many sketches of the triumvirate at work show real appreciation. Yeats directing his own plays is "always on the fidget . . . I say without fear of contradiction that a more irritating play producer never directed a rehearsal". But Yeats is also "a fascinating talker—good to listen to even if one does not grasp all he says".

And a casual meeting with a pale young vocalist at a party is enough to tell him that this is somebody extraordinary, "A mysterious kind of youth with weird penetrating eyes . . . he is a strange boy, I cannot fathom him". In the years ahead, more sophisticated souls than Holloway would fail to fathom James Joyce.

NO PLAYS LIKE NOH PLAYS

HIDE ISHIBASHI: *Yeats and the Noh*. 68pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

CURTIS BRADFORD: *Yeats's 'Last Poems' Again*. 30pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

GEORGE MILES HARPER: *Yeats's Quest for Eden*. 39pp. Dublin: Dolmen Press. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Ishibashi's essay is accompanied by thirty plates; masks, costumes, and portraits associated with Japanese art in general and Noh drama in particular. In the essay he remarks that when Yeats studied the Noh there were fewer than twenty pieces available in English translation out of about 240 extant Noh plays. Yeats had never seen a complete stage production; only a few fragmentary performances. He did not understand the musical convention of the Noh. Nor did Dulac, his composer. To compound his difficulties, he took advice from Michio Ito, who "was neither a Noh actor nor an expert on the Noh". Mr. Ishibashi concludes with Oriental courtesy: "A creation, we thus see, can be born of a misunderstanding."

Curtis Bradford's pamphlet is a reprint of his June, 1961, essay in *Modern Language Notes*. The argument is that the received text of *Last Poems* is unreliable. Until the surviving manuscripts and typescripts of these poems are examined, the best text is that of the Cuala Press *Last Poems and Two Plays*, which the reader can reconstruct with the aid of the Variorum and the table of contents for Item 200 of Wade's bibliography.

Mr. Harper traces Yeats's quest for Eden from the early pastorals to the "translunar Paradise" of *The Tower*. The quest, he shows, is conducted under the auspices of Morris and Spenser, at the start, and thereafter increasingly with Blake as guide. The unifying sound is "the cry of the heart against necessity". Mr. Harper does not tell students of Yeats anything till now unknown. His impression of Yeats's development is the common impression, but it is represented with uncommon lucidity and grace.

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THE TEENAGE BAUDELAIRE

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE: *Lettres inédites aux siens.* Présentées et annotées par Philippe Auserve. 246pp. Paris: Grasset. 15fr.

Although Baudelaire's strait-laced family could not entirely close their eyes to the fact that he was a famous man, his celebrity was not of a kind they could appreciate—it was too different from the dear General's—and they never managed to rid themselves of the idea that he was something of a black sheep. This did not prevent them from sedulously hoarding his letters. The correspondence eventually came into the possession of a collateral relative, a pious spinster named Marie-Anne Ducevois who lived near the church of Saint-Sulpice and who when asked by mischievous nephews about "cousin Baudelaire" used to cover her face with her hands, murmuring: "Quelle horreur! Quelle horreur!" Since she did not wish, in her own words, to house the devil, she destroyed a large number of the letters which seemed damaging to the family reputation and handed over the remainder to Jacques Crépet for publication.

M. Auserve remarks in his introduction that Baudelaire's work has been so intensively studied—even the laundry and restaurant bills have yielded their fruits—that after a century nothing short of a miracle could have added to what had already come down to us. The "miracle" occurred. The house where some of Baudelaire's letters were preserved was bombed during the last war. Ten years later workmen who were rebuilding the walls discovered a batch of documents carefully wrapped in grease-proof paper. "A hundred new Baudelaire letters!"

Well, not quite perhaps. The present volume contains ninety-five letters, all but four of which were written by Baudelaire: forty to his half-brother Claude-Alphonse; forty-four to his mother: five to his stepfather; one joint letter to mother and stepfather, and a letter of apology to the master who was responsible for his expulsion from the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Of the remaining four, three are from Claude-Alphonse to Baudelaire and one is from the headmaster of Louis-le-Grand to General Aupick announcing his stepson's expulsion. (Although M. Auserve does not say so, this letter had already been published by Jules Mouquet and is quoted in full in the revised edition of Dr. Enid Starkie's biography of the poet.)

The bulk of the letters were written when Baudelaire was between the ages of eleven and twenty. They fill a gap in the *Correspondance générale*, which contains comparatively few early letters, and add something to the existing picture of Baudelaire as a child and a young man. He was certainly happier and on much better terms with his family during these years than he was ever to be again. In later life he spoke in bitterly disparaging terms of his half-brother who was a successful lawyer, refused to visit him when he knew he was on what proved to be his deathbed, and did not bother to attend his funeral. He writes affectionately to his "big brother" who was sixteen years older than himself, upbraids him when he does not reply, and when he is only eleven remarks, amusingly, that fear of the cholera epidemic seems to have made Claude-Alphonse forget his French grammar. "Pourtant", he adds, "je ne veux pas te citer tes fautes, parce que voir le cadet apprendre l'orthographe à l'aîné serait le monde renversé." At this period he was not merely well disposed, but very well disposed towards his stepfather, was continually sending him messages or enquiring about his health in letters to his mother, while a letter written to the General himself when Baudelaire was seventeen ends with the words: "Adieu. Je l'adore".

Although he was already battling against a laziness which was to become endemic, Baudelaire took his studies seriously. The main subject of the letters is his prowess at school: his places in class, the prizes he won or, to his chagrin, failed to win. "I am cross with myself", he writes to his mother.

I must admit that the prospect of lack of success is wounding to my pride. It is no good playing the philosopher and pretending that success at school doesn't matter, that it proves nothing &c. The fact is that it does give great pleasure.

There is little in the letters about literature. In the letter just quoted he goes on to express his contempt for Eugène Sue and his admiration for Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve's *Volupté*. He was to change his mind about Hugo, but his admiration for *Volupté* and its author remained. He never cared for nature and we find him declaring, in a letter to his half-brother, that "the banks of the Loire scarcely deserve their reputation".

The discipline at the *lycée* seems to have been more than strict. The poet writes to his parents from time to time to tell them not to visit him on a free day because he has been kept in. There are also signs at a very early age of incipient rebellion. Shortly before his twelfth birthday he writes to his half-brother: "Je suis dans les mutins. Je ne veux pas être de ces *lâches-cul*s qui craignent de déplaire aux pions", and signs the letter: "Le mutin cadet, Charles."

This attitude must have played a part in his expulsion seven years later. The incident remains somewhat obscure. According to the headmaster's letter to Aupick, Baudelaire was caught passing a note in class. His reply to the master's demand to surrender the note was to tear it up and swallow the pieces. When asked about the contents by the headmaster, he laughed in his face. Writing to the General, the headmaster said:

Je vous renvoie donc ce jeune homme, qui était doué de moyens assez remarquables, mais qui a tout gâté par un très mauvais esprit dont le bon ordre du collège a eu plus d'une fois à souffrir.

Some biographers have suggested that the note might have been connected with a "question de dortoir" or an "amitié particulière". If this had been suspected, some hint would surely have reached the General who in that case would hardly have been as indulgent to his stepson over the affair as he appears to have been.

The picture changes suddenly a few months before Baudelaire's twentieth birthday. His financial troubles are beginning: he already owes 3,000 francs. He writes to his brother for assistance. The pained reply:

Tu dois comprendre que le chagrin et la douloureusement affecté en apprenant l'autre jour et en l'entendant dire que tu avais besoin d'argent. Je t'ai sent annonçait du désordre dans tes affaires.

Baudelaire's rejoinder is even more pained: "Tu m'as écrit une lettre de reproche et d'humiliante." There have been the beginnings of estrangement which was to last the rest of their lives. The termination of the relatively happy young man into the harassed adult was completed by the setting up of the *conseil judiciaire* in September 1844. The following month he writes a letter to his mother in which he reproaches her bitterly and unjustly for her "habitudes brutales".

M. Auserve tells us in his introduction that except for corrections in spelling and punctuation he has published the letters without alteration, as one would hope. He rightly defends his comments on the excellence of the letters and observes that "a child of genius, or even a young man would not write like that today". He has performed a service in making available to the public what is, if not exactly a "miracle", certainly a little more than a *vaille*, but the book would have been much more useful if he had been content to bring with his notes and his introduction a table of contents for easy reference.

WOOD OF INDIA

R. J. MOORE: *Sir Charles Wood's Indian Policy 1853-66.* 284pp. Manchester University Press. £2 5s.

Except by those students of Indian history who specialize in the period immediately before and after the Sepoy Rebellion, Sir Charles Wood is remembered mainly as the author of the great education despatch of July, 1854, which laid the foundations of a system which shaped the course of Indian nationalism and has survived, in many essentials, the termination of the British rule that it was planned to underpin. The late Sir Philip Hartog, whose services in adapting this system to twentieth-century requirements were outstanding, once authoritatively described the despatch as one of the most statesmanlike and most democratic documents in the history of education administration. It is the great merit of Dr. Moore's careful and scholarly study that it sets Wood's educational achievements in their proper perspective, and while in no way detracting from their acknowledged merit, exhibits them as only a single facet of a progressive policy which changed, and changed for the better, almost every aspect of the administration of India by her British rulers. In this connexion it should be noted that Dr. Moore's painstaking investigation of the origins of "the intellectual charter of India" shows conclusively that in spite of the contributions of Marshman, Duff and others, the despatch was in fact the work of Wood and his secretary, Thomas Baring.

Born into the influential circle of the Whig aristocracy, and entering the Grey family by marriage, Wood quickly acquired a practical knowledge of public affairs; but his contribution to British political life, in spite of his term of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was unimpressive. It was not until 1853, when he went to the Board of Control, and acquired a taste for Indian affairs which was to remain with him throughout his life, that he discovered his real métier. During the two years which marked his first period of close association with these affairs his main care was to preserve the Company's existence as a "badly independent of the government" while ensuring, by procedural changes, that his own overriding authority was in practice effective. This was all the more necessary because Dalhousie's ideas, especially for the centralization of authority in Calcutta and the creation of "an embryo legislature", were being pushed with such force that the Board of Control, in spite of grave misgivings, were almost powerless to resist them. Later generations have held that in the latter case Dalhousie was right and Wood wrong; even so, it was important that the principle of ultimate control in London by a Minister responsible to Parliament should be maintained intact. This, at least, Wood successfully achieved.

Wood was out of office when the Sepoy Rebellion occurred; he did not resume the direction of Indian affairs until 1859. He ruefully contrasted the new task which faced him with the situation which had existed during his previous term at the Board. At that time, he said, the main objects of British policy in India were to develop the internal resources of the country, to improve education, to better the administration of justice, to push ahead with rail and telegraphic communications, to improve river navigation and to extend the irrigation system; whereas in 1859 the first objective must be "the melancholy work of reconstruction". This he proceeded to undertake with tireless energy and an immensely detailed knowledge of local conditions, which he was at pains to keep up to date. In the course of the seven years of his term of office as Secretary of State, he pushed forward law reform, remodelled the system of recruitment for the I.C.S., opened the way for Indian participation in the higher ranks of the public service, particularly on the judicial side, set the finances in order, encouraged capital investment, extended the system of public works, reformed land tenure and revenue assessment, and remodelled the entire military structure. When, at length, he retired from active administration to become the first Lord Halifax, he had firmly laid the foundations upon which the independent India of today was to be built. It is a curious fact that in November, 1868, Sir John Lawrence informed him of the prophecy of an Indian astrologer "that a member of your house—he hinted at a grandson yet unborn—will some day succeed me as Governor General". This grandson, Lord Irwin, was to fulfil the prophecy in 1926 and to make, in his own way, a contribution no less vital to the evolution of independent India than Wood himself.

Not the least of the many merits of Dr. Moore's book is his freedom from all suspicion of hero worship. For all his great qualities, Wood was a man of his times, with the prejudices, the limitations, and the occasional pettinesses of the close circle of which he was a member. This is plainly brought out in a study which makes use of every scrap of available material, much previously unpublished. This is a definitive book: Dr. Moore's work will never have to be "done over again".

VISIT TO ANGKOR

Henri Mouhot's Diary. Abridged and Edited by Christopher Pym. 160pp. Kuala Lumpur: Oxford University Press. 37s. 6d.

The Khmers, under pressure from Thai attacks, in the first half of the fifteenth century moved their capital away from Angkor to the neighbourhood of Phompenh, the present centre of the Cambodian state. Many of the great temples which the Khmers had built, marvels of carved masonry, disappeared beneath the undammed waves of advancing jungle. Some temples in the Angkor region, however, survived, including the greatest of them all, Angkor Wat. Hindu and Mahayana Buddhist priests were replaced by the Saffron-clad monks of Theravada Buddhism, stone statues of Siva, Vishnu and Avalokiteswara gave way to wooden Buddha images, and in some of the Angkor temples worship went on. When, during the course of the sixteenth century, European Catholic missionaries made their way to Cambodia, they heard stories of the ruins at Angkor, but they were unable to learn who had built these fabulous structures often attributed to a race of giants. The existence of Angkor continued to be well known to European residents in mainland South-east Asia. When Sir John Bowring visited Thailand in 1855, for example, he was told that

not far from Lake Thalesap [the Tonle Sap or Great Lake of Cambodia] are the ruins of a vast palace, whose columns, pyramids, and pagodas remain, sculptured in marble, of such elaborate workmanship that the Cambodians boast they were produced by the fingers of angels, not men.

In 1859, two years after Bowring's *The Kingdom and People of Siam* was published, two papers dealing with the Angkor ruins were read to the Royal Geographical Society in London. Yet Christopher Pym remarks in the opening sentence of his introduction to the abridged reprint of Mouhot's diary in the Oxford in Asia Historical Reprint series that "Henri Mouhot rediscovered the ancient Khmer civilization for the western world". This he certainly did not do: but he did produce the first detailed and illustrated account of the Angkor ruins. His narrative, published in London by Murray in two volumes in 1864, following a preliminary version in a French periodical the year before, was widely read and inspired others to further investigation. This is the basis for Mouhot's reputation. The scientific study of Angkor begins not with Mouhot, a naturalist, but with Doudart de Lagrée and Francis Garnier, whose study of Angkor in 1866 was published in Garnier's *Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine* in 1873. Mouhot's place in the history of exploration is justified less by his visit to Angkor in 1860 than by his travels in Laos in 1861. Mouhot's account of Luang Prabang undoubtedly inspired Francis Garnier and Auguste Pavie in their ambitions for the expansion of French rule up the Mekong Valley.

Mouhot was one of those great Victorians (if we may be permitted to apply this term to a citizen of France) who gave up all in the cause of exploration. In 1858, at the age of thirty, Mouhot married a niece of the African explorer Mungo Park, and he settled with his bride in Jersey. There, Christopher Pym suggests, he read Bowring's account of Siam and was inspired by it to plan a journey of discovery in mainland South-east Asia. He set out for Bangkok in 1858 and died in Laos, probably of malaria, in 1861. He never saw his wife and family again.

Mouhot was no stylist. His diary is curiously flat. Except for the final entry, when the dying traveller begs "have pity on me, oh my God!", it gives us little insight either into the author's character or the nature of the country which he is seeing. One might perhaps argue that Bowring on Thailand or Garnier on Indochina would better deserve reprinting than Mouhot. The decision having been made, however, the result is an admirable piece of book production. The reproductions of Mouhot's sketches of Angkor Wat as it was in 1860 cannot fail to fascinate the modern visitor.

ZOLA TODAY

ÉMILE ZOLA: *Oeuvres Complètes.* Edition établie sous la direction de Henri Mitterand. Tome I. Précédé de "Zola vivant" par Armand Lanoux. Préfaces de Robert Abirached et Henri Guillemin. 1, 254pp. Paris: Cercle du Livre Précieux. 50 fr.

No collected edition of Zola's work was published during his lifetime. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his death in 1927 was marked by the appearance of the Bernouard Edition produced by his daughter and son-in-law, Denise and Maurice Le Blond-Zola. This edition contains the bulk of the novelist's working notes and is indispensable to the specialist. It was never intended, however, for the general reader. It ran to fifty large and rather unwieldy volumes; the text of the later volumes at any rate was not impeccable, and it was a limited edition which has long been out of print.

The aim of the publishers of the new edition is twofold. It is to offer the general reader Zola's work in reasonably compact form and at the same time to provide what they describe as the first genuinely complete edition of the work. They have had the cooperation of the family and of the Société Littéraire des Amis de Zola who have placed all their manuscripts at their disposal. In addition to the published work the new edition will contain a substantial amount of unpublished material ranging from early stories and articles to 1,000 new letters (the two volumes of the correspondence in the Bernouard Edition contain only 600 letters).

There will be fifteen volumes in all. The first contains the five early novels and a full-length biography by Armand Lanoux. Each of the novels is prefaced by a leading authority on Zola. The book is profusely and attractively illustrated by 250 contemporary photographs, engravings, drawings and documents. It is bound in black leather, well printed in convenient format, and tolerably easy to hold.

The editor was in some difficulty over the selection of a biographer or biography to introduce the edition. It must be full and accurate, but enthusiasm was an essential ingredient. He thought of M. Lanoux's biography which was first published in 1954 under the title of *Bon jour, monsieur Zola.* M. Lanoux is a novelist of the *populiste* school. His book was a *vie romancée* in that it included a number of imaginary or reconstructed conversations, but it was accurate in its facts, contained some excellent criticism and was undoubtedly written with passionate enthusiasm. For this edition it has been revised, slightly abridged and given a fresh title. The difference between the old title and the new, the change from the tentative *Bon jour, monsieur Zola* to the triumphant *Zola vivant* is an indication of the remarkable growth of interest in Zola during the past twelve years when 2,000,000 copies of his novels are said to have been sold in the Livre de Poche editions alone. The editor's choice was a wise one and augurs well for the success of the enterprise.

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MIXED-UP MAUPASSANT

PAUL IGNOTUS: *The Paradox of Maupassant.* 288pp. London: Unicorn Press. 35s.

"Why Maupassant"? one cannot help asking. It is doubtful whether there was room for another biography of Maupassant in English: it is certain that *The Paradox of Maupassant* is not the kind of study that is wanted. There is already a very competent life of Maupassant in English by Francis Steegmuller and though it was published seventeen years ago the author of the book under review has nothing of substance to add by way of fact or interpretation. He indicates in his introduction that English is not his mother tongue and in spite of the assistance of friends, the style is not attractive nor are the arguments always easy to follow. There is an abuse of the familiar style and of words like "pals", "lady friends" and "phoney".

The division of the book into forty-eight chapters, many of them very brief, gives an impression of jerkiness. The material is not well arranged. The discussions of Flaubert, Goncourt and Bourget are disproportionately long and read like digressions. The author's attitude to Bourget appears to be coloured by political bias. He was a poor novelist and his political views were pretty far to the right, but there is a good deal more to be said for his criticism than is allowed here.

The author recounts Maupassant's sexual exploits with considerable relish, but apart from being one of the first writers in English to describe the activities of M. Bordel there is nothing fresh to say. He discusses the effect of illness on Maupassant's work, but though it has something to do with the "paradox" Maupassant nothing very exciting emerges.

Mr. Ignotus is no literary critic. It was only to be expected that anyone prepared to spend years of his life on a study of Maupassant would be an admirer of his fiction and would question rather supercilious attitude adopted by many Frenchmen. There is, however, nothing in the way of a critical examination of any of Maupassant's works. The "plot" is described, judgment is pronounced. The judgments are often naive and amateurish. *Une Vie* is "really impressive", *Pierre et Jean* a "beautiful novel". The real "paradox" is apparently Maupassant's "fantastic mixture of greatness and mediocrity". This is the final judgment:

If the greatness of an author consists in his knowing much about people and in his ability to convey that knowledge in an easily readable and impressive way to others, then Maupassant was one of the greatest ever born—second only, in my view, to Tolstoy.

It is an astonishing verdict.

BEGINNERS' CONRAD

NEVILLE H. NEWHOUSE: *Joseph Conrad.* 143pp. Evans Bros. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.)

Unlike two earlier contributions to the "Literature in Perspective" series, on Jane Austen and Tennyson, *Joseph Conrad* seldom achieves the difficult task of keeping both the "ordinary reader" and the critic on their toes. For the former, however, Mr. Newhouse fulfils his primary aim of presenting his basic material attractively, wisely eschewing the flat chronological approach (which would be anti-climactic in this case) and clearly defining the symbiotic relation between Conrad's complex techniques and involved subject-matter. Though many a technical knot will be cut for the non-specialist reader, he may be ill-served by the application of the phrase "interior monologue" not, as is customary, to the modern ways of suggesting the stream of consciousness, but as a blanket term signifying how authors as diverse as Dickens, James and Conrad let characters "to speak their thoughts aloud in order to inform us what they are individually thinking and feeling". This case well exemplifies the terminological anarchy that devils criticism of the novel.

One important factual error: Conrad, far from knowing "no English until he was twenty-three", passed his Second Mate's examination at twenty-two after sailing for two years in British ships.

This is a useful and lucid sketch of Conrad's development and themes; but for those who go into subtler interpretations the curious reader will certainly have to look elsewhere—Mr. Newhouse mentions some titles for further reading, to which may be added, he omits, A. J. Guerard's fine *Conrad the Novelist.*

NOBLE BRETONS

JEAN MEYER: *La Noblesse Bretonne au XVIIIe Siècle.* Volume I. 590pp. Volume II. pp.591-1,292. Bibliothèque Générale de L'École Pratique des Hautes Études. VIe section. S.E.V.P.E.N. Distributed by Parkers, Oxford. £15 15s.

It is hardly necessary to open the first of these volumes to realize that one is faced with an *exposé au fond*. By the time he has turned over the 105 pages of introduction and bibliography and reached the first of 1,260 of text even the most sceptical reader is likely to be convinced that M. Meyer is not to be taken lightly. This must be the longest *thèse de doctorat* on a subject of social history yet to appear, and one hopes it is not the precursor of even more inflated works. It comes dangerously near to being unmanageable, boasting as it does one chapter of 270 pages and another of 110. The immense researches that have gone into its production, and the scrupulous scholarship with which the results have been presented must nevertheless be admired.

The first part is devoted to a detailed study of the juridical position of the Breton nobility. The great inquiries of the later seventeenth century provide the basis for an elaborate delimitation of the class, supplemented by an investigation of the new creations of the eighteenth century. Here is a mass of information on rights of inheritance, *dérogeance*, the purchase of *noblesse de robe*, outright grants of nobility by the King, and many other connected questions. Some of M. Meyer's conclusions are of great interest: he calculates that between 1700 and the Revolution a mere 300 families were added to the nobility of all methods, a result which puts in doubt some previous opinions on the subject of *anoblissement*. But the intrinsic value of the material hardly justifies the separate consideration of virtually every grant of *lettres de noblesse*, a process whose nature and importance could and should have been conveyed in a fraction of the space devoted to them. This apart, the first section of the book is the most uniformly successful: a definite subject is tackled, and a clear set of results obtained.

The tendency towards prolixity becomes more grave when M. Meyer attempts to describe the economic and social situation of the nobility, and the line of argument tends to be swamped by a mass of detail whose significance is not immediately obvious. What could have been a most exciting study fragments at times into a sad jumble of individual cases. This impression is perhaps heightened by the integration of the statistical figures and charts with the main body of the text; in many ways a separate appendix would have been preferable. One may also note in passing a question of historical perspective raised by financial statistics of this period: the French *livre* can (very roughly) be compared to the English shilling during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The "vast fortunes" M. Meyer sees among the merchants of Nantes and St. Malo are therefore a good way from equalling those of leading English merchants of the period, and the inadequacy of the landed income of the Rohan-Guémenée family is hardly as surprising as he seems to think.

Whatever criticisms one may make of the presentation, there is an enormous amount of information in the chapters devoted to the economic activity of the nobility. Diet, the grain trade, agricultural reform, feudal rights, *métayage*, and many other questions are considered in detail. Oddly enough the real peculiarity of Brittany, the extraordinary system of land tenure known as *domaine congéable*, receives a disappointingly sketchy treatment, whose argument is far from clear. The diligent reader will also discover a good deal in the final chapters on the political activity of the nobility, the psychology of the class, and its way of life. But between a laudable reluctance to go beyond the available sources, and an unfortunate tendency to cite them repetitiously, the author's own organization is unlikely to help very much in the quest. It may well be true that the situation was too confused to be reduced to any clear-cut unity, but this heavy-handed approach destroys any such possibility. The relative failure, as an exposition, of this part of the book probably also reflects the disadvantages of taking a social class as a subject. The legal rights to noble status are one thing, and the social and economic role of the class quite another, from this point of view. The latter can only be understood in a larger framework, firstly of the province as a social unit, and then of French history as a whole. The great virtue of theses on the history of a province is that they present a microcosm which has an internal coherence, whereas M. Meyer inevitably gives us a very lopsided view of Brittany in the eighteenth century.

Criticism of this book can only proceed on methodological grounds, in view of the highly specialized nature of the manuscript and printed sources on which it depends, and it is therefore necessary to emphasize again that it is a very rich and important contribution to the social history of the French *ancien régime*. At the same time it represents in an acute form the present crisis of the French doctoral thesis, and an attack on its methods is directed as much against the system as against the present author. The classical conception of the thesis was that it should present a clear-cut argument, strengthened with the requisite amount of evidence drawn from the original sources. M. Meyer does indeed provide a short conclusion, containing some intelligent reflections on the more general significance of the phenomena he has so lovingly identified, but it does not emerge naturally from the arrangement of the book as a whole, and certainly cannot be read as a substitute for it.

The greatest fault of this book is that the author feels it necessary to expose the whole mechanism before his readers, who will become familiar with the archives of Brittany without any need to visit them. For the handful of specialists working on similar problems this is valuable, but even for the academic historian operating at a small distance from the subject it is likely to render the reading of this book a doubtful proposition in terms of the balance between effort and reward. Surely a more realistic approach would have been to provide a synthesis in a few hundred pages, followed by a series of annexes presenting the detailed evidence for the specialists and the jury of examiners. While M. Meyer's book remains the only serious work on the French nobility of this period it will render valuable services, but the prospect of similar volumes on other provinces and other classes is a daunting one. The bureaucracy of the *ancien régime* produced mountains of paper; there must be literally thousands of tons still surviving in French local archives. Almost all of it can be made to produce information of some interest, and tempts the social historian to ever more exhaustive programmes of research. But if the subject is not to drown itself in a sea of paper, its practitioners must acquire a sense of proportion and appreciate the virtues of brevity.

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PEACH PIE AND CUSTARD

THE TWO LIVES OF WALLACE STEVENS

WRITING TO THE EDITOR of *The Dial* in 1922 Wallace Stevens said: "Do, please, excuse me from the biographical note. I am a lawyer and live in Hartford. But such facts are neither gay nor instructive." However, the literary world has always found the facts enigmatic and fascinating, and his letters have long been anticipated in the expectation of their illuminating or explaining the supposed irreconcilability of his two modes of existence, as poet and successful man of affairs. What in fact comes out of them is the reverse of anything journalistically quirky or sensational; instead, the book draws a portrait sufficiently full and coherent to allay for ever the crude questionings, and one of far greater interest and subtlety than some no doubt imagined from the sparse lines previously available to view. Nothing from the archives of the Hartford insurance group of companies (which employed Stevens from 1916 until his death in 1955) is included here, but enough details emerge from Stevens's private correspondence to fix the routine of his life as a lawyer, his relations with his stenographer, the companies' coloured chauffeurs, and other colleagues, and his own attitude to his professional work. As might have been deduced—for Stevens, far from trying to escape from the Hartford, went on working for it five years beyond the compulsory retirement age—the tensions experienced by the poet were quite outside any mere clash of human types or division of time between office hours and art. The Hartford and its employees obviously held Stevens in respect and, when eventually his poetic reputation became public property, pride: on his side, there was no undue strain in his evolvement of a dignified and sometimes facetious affection, never false or condescending.

Nearly 3,300 of Stevens's letters were available for publication when his daughter compiled this book. Not many more than a quarter of this number have been printed here, and even from these some passages have been omitted. A critic in *The New York Review of Books* has hinted that Miss Stevens's unexpressed purpose in this procedure was to remove evidence of some indiscretions and to spotlight her own filial devotion, but there is little indication of the former and none of the latter, and in reducing the enormous mass of material to reasonably saleable proportions and at so short a period from Stevens's death a modest degree of discretion can scarcely be complained of. In fact, Miss Stevens has included a number of letters which show the realities of her own marital affairs as well as some worn places in her relations with her father: besides, her omission of inessentials has almost certainly contributed to the book's compulsive readability and her footnotes and linking narrations are adequate and unobtrusive, quite admirably so.

Stevens was born in Pennsylvania in 1879, the son of a successful though not wealthy country town lawyer. The earliest letters here are a few he wrote to his mother from a summer camp at the age of fifteen. Amusing that the second letter actually contains one of those verbal imitations of non-human sounds that were such a persistent and curious feature of his verse; significant that they are full of observation; the syntax and vocabulary are already brilliant. He went to Harvard in 1897, but only one letter has survived from his years there. Miss Stevens has resourcefully filled the gap with extracts from a journal he began to keep in 1898 and with some letters from his father. The journal is full of observation, too, and of a Ruskinian precision: the letters from his father are quite remarkable. Both father and son grasp the issues of life that was to follow, and the opposition between them was far from simply conventional. The father is urging an orthodox career, though is in no doubt of his son's talent ("but for eccentricities in your genius you may be fitted for a Chair"). The son realizes that the father is holding him "in check" but has few illusions about his own character or the realities of material existence. "I am certainly a domestic creature, par excellence," he writes; and

I should be quite content to work and be practical — but I hate the conflict whether I "avails" or not. I want my powers to be put to their fullest use to be exhausted when I am done with them. On the other hand I do not want to make a petty struggle for existence—physical or literary. I must try not to be dilettante—half dream, half deed. I must be all dream or all deed.

In a sense his life was aimed to disprove what his father puts in so forcible, so Stevensian a way:

One never thinks out a destiny—If a fellow takes Peach Pie—he often wishes he had chosen the Custard . . . The only trouble is that since we cannot have both Pie and custard—it is oft too late to repent.

After Harvard, Stevens worked as a journalist for a short period, neither successfully nor congenially. He had the notion of resigning from his newspaper and devoting himself to writing, but quite soon he fell in with his father's urging and took up the law. In 1904 he had passed his bar examinations and was admitted to practice. In the same year he met and fell in love with his future wife. Following Stevens's death she destroyed a number of his letters to her of this period (after first copying extracts she thought might be of interest), but this is probably no great loss. The letters of the long courtship are curiously pointless, a parallel to Stevens's career as a lawyer—and, indeed, as a writer—during the same epoch. He started a law firm but it was a failure, and then worked in several practices without apparently making any mark. Lone wolf business skill, the flair for acquiring clients, are not qualities possessed by shy men, and Stevens was certainly shy. He was big and (judging by the photographs here) at all stages of his life handsome, but the formidability noted by many arose almost certainly quite unconsciously from his brain-power, his lack of ease in direct personal contacts and, no doubt, his occasional exasperation at other men's disorder and importunity (what he characterized as his "pretty well-developed mean streak"). His sexual desires were from the outset directed towards uxoriousness. And the *fin de siècle* literary tradition his adolescence inherited persisted with him for a very long time: as late as 1907 he is quoting Andrew Lang's Odyssey sonnet with approval.

But in 1908 he was freed from the antipathies of private practice by becoming employed as a lawyer by an insurance company. The following year he was earning enough to be able to marry. His father died in 1911 and his mother a year later (a sentence from his journal about his dying mother—"the beating of her heart in the veins of her throat was as rapid as water running from a bottle"—is one of the few indications in his correspondence and journal of this time of his future literary power). And then quite out of the blue so far as the reader is concerned come the letters of November 6, 1914, and June 6, 1915 (which follow without intervening material), to the editor of *Poetry*, the first another laconic response to a request for a biographical note, the second discussing the order of the sections of "Sunday Morning". Somehow Stevens had become a modern poet.

Ex post facto it can be seen that apart from the change in and hardening of the bases of his personal life, Stevens was enabled to write the early poems of *Harmonium* by the liberation from explicit meaning arrived at through his reading of the French symbolists, a process similar to that undergone by Eliot. A large part of his initial power resides in his extraordinary talent for iambic verse, his feeling for and interest in vocabulary; freed from the compulsion to narrate in any prose sense, these flourish in startling, evocative, exotic and disturbing style. Later in his life he was quite patient with correspondents who asked him to "explain" passages in his poetry, particularly the famous pieces in *Harmonium*, and his further inexplicitness is often amusing. The "nonsense" side of the modern movement in poetry the arbitrary symbols, the private references, the unexplained personae and fragmentary plots persisted with him, indeed, until the end and accounts for a large part of that growth sector of the American literary economy, the Stevens critical industry. But, of course, if there were no more to him than this he would merely share a place with a score of others. As it is, the conviction grows that he must be placed with the two or three greatest English-speaking poets of the twentieth century.

It is a sense uncontradicted by the letters, though the epochs they mainly record are unsensational indeed. Stevens moved to Hartford in 1916, having followed a former associate to join the Hartford group of insurance companies. His early years with them involved a fair amount of travel, including trips to Florida, which subsequently became a favourite vacation place, and this experience gave concreteness to the Americanness of his verse and in particular established the important polarity of rigorous New England and the lush tropics. He observed flora and fauna (in gardens and zoos as well as at large) with the old Ruskinian intensity. The first edition of *Harmonium* was published in 1923 and the following year his first and only child was born (about the possibility of a second child he characteristically said later: "There is nothing I should have liked more, but I was afraid of it"). Between that time and the second, enlarged edition of *Harmonium* in 1931 he clearly worked harder at his professional career than at poetry. But once again a more settled background, the opportunity to become more comfortably "a domestic creature", provided the conditions for a renewal of creativity. In 1932 he bought the spacious house he was to live in for the rest of his life (previously he had been a tenant in far from luxurious conditions) and, soon after, he was established in an impregnable position with his company, his travelling on business infrequent. From this time the typed letter becomes the rule rather than the exception as his office status enables him to use his stenographer to dictate his private correspondence, and a characteristic tone of voice emerges. There follows the larger part of his correspondence, and absorbing it is, even heroic. He sustains with a succession of correspondents an intercourse sometimes ironic, often subtly affectionate, always astonishingly polished and intelligent. Even what came to be the immutable routines of his existence are made continually fresh, and only in the last few years of his life did he himself seem to find them arduous: "I begin to feel at the end of the day that I am through for that day", he wrote in his seventieth year. "It is not that I grow tired but that my elan seems somewhat bent. I should much rather stroll home looking at the girls than anything else." His continued response to nature and paintings, to new poets and periodicals and correspondents, is remarkable. "I have never been bored in any general sense", he once observed, and we can unhesitatingly believe him.

This is not the place to try to give any account of what is the most important theme of his letters as it is of his verse—the relationship between poetry and reality. Nor to more than mention the interesting but less important question of how his devoting so much of his working time to an occupation and society removed from his art contributed to—or conceivably hindered—his working out of that theme. Almost from the outset he was seen to be a great master of language; increasingly he is being recognized as a poet of organic development and Rilkean penetration who had important things to say about the human condition of his time. How pathetic is the sparse evidence here of English interest in his work—for example, an appreciative letter in 1938 on being noticed in the little magazine *Twentieth Century Verse*, some negotiations with the Fortune Press, a once notorious "Stuffed Owls" review in *New Verse*—to say about the Pulitzer Prize in After all, there are people that IDEAS OF ORDER is bad but rotten"—a comment more ironical now because seen to occur in a truly dis series of letters about a Ronald Lane Latimer. wise after the event, we to understand how the Stevens's more ribald lines called *Ordeals of* Geoffrey Grigson thinks unreal, inhuman and nothing—

Still weaving budded aureoles
Will speak our speech with
Will say of the mansion
As if he that lived there
A spirit storming in black
A dirty house in a gutter
A tatter of shadows
Smeared with the gold of

An operation Stevens on April 26, 1955, was suffering from an inop cancer. The fact was kept and he made a sufficient from the surgery to go receive an honorary actually return, at the e and into July, to his office hours a day. Only a perso last letter here, dated July any real slackening of h the two preoccupations "Considering my present I can neither concentrate nor enjoy poetry". Then rowing words following years of asserting, in sev ent ways, poetry to be life tion, and of striving so de show in his art the asce tence. But they come, a note written to try to hel poet quite unknown to August 2 he was dead.

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Most of us have at some time with a situation that has create "This is a fiddle that needs fix How shall I go about it?" Victor Meek here answers that experience (sometimes pain questions that the learner-dea himself—how am I to spot a d detect a shoplifter, defeat a pic a missing person, follow a susp premises, tackle a blackmaile a phony company, and so o the learner wishes to set up pro as a private detective, he will fin in detail the necessary inform how to go about it.

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EAST AND WEST

We have been sent the report of a P.E.N. round table discussion held in Budapest in October, 1964, now published by the Corvina Press and the Hungarian P.E.N. in an elegant blue paperback of 183 pages. This was the first international P.E.N. meeting to be held within the Soviet block, and it was also the first to be attended by a delegation from the U.S.S.R. In a purely organizational sense, therefore, it was something of an historic event, and if the transcripts from the speeches now show that this was far from making it also a specially illuminating one the fault lies not with the east-European hosts but with the now universal practice of holding writers' meetings on such nebulous themes. The speakers on these occasions do not debate; they talk past one another, coming down from the cloud of generalities now and again to exercise some favourite hobby-horse (above all, in this case, the New Novel), to work in the names of a few writers they approve of (usually of their own nationality) and to pay tribute (more or less eloquently, ironically or boringly as the case may be) to their own national tradition. On this occasion moreover the vagueness of the subject was aggravated by the ambiguity of its bilingual title, *Tradition and Innovation in Contemporary Literature* and *Tradition et modernité dans la littérature de notre temps* being by no means the same things.

None the less there is quite a bit of interest in the report, which is gracefully introduced by Mr. Gyula Illyés and wound up by Mr. Iván Boldizsár. Here, for instance, are Mr. Auden's views on poetry and propaganda: propaganda he sees as a social necessity, but

Wherever real social evil exists, poetry, or any of the arts for that matter, is useless as a weapon. Aside from direct political action, the only weapon is factual reportage—photographs, statistics, eye-witness reports.

Here is Mr. William Cooper attacking the use of random methods in art, which he sees as "anti-Mind", and suggesting the logical next step:

Instead of experimenting with new ways of saying old things, writers will experiment in saying new things. And if the only way to say new things [is] in non-innovatory ways, no matter.

Here is M. Butor arguing that the important distinction is not between tradition and modernity (or innovation) but between laziness and difficulty for the reader; the greatest offence in his eyes is to write *down*. It is also extremely interesting to find some of the sanest views coming from two east German speakers: Stefan Hermlin, who denounced anti-modernism as the work of people who

se servent de la littérature pour leurs petits jeux de guerre froide tout personnels, où ils remportent des victoires fictives sur des adversaires inventés . . .

and Wieland Herrfelde, the quondam Dadaist, who admitted to having first thought of our contemporary avant-garde as "an aftermath, a kind of tasteless second helping of the past art movements", but has now come to feel that in its context it may be genuine and new. It was however their compatriot Alfred Kurella who made the only mention of Socialist Realism, that fine old Stalinist aesthetic slogan which, in his view,

gagne du terrain dans le monde entier. . . l'avenir lui appartient. . .".

The trouble with Socialist Realism is that in the view of most Communist aestheticians it is *not* gaining ground, and has indeed acted as a positive handicap both to their party and to art. But what is to be done about it? The official Hungarian solution, first outlined two years ago by the party Panel on Cultural Policy (and published in *Társadalmi Szemle* for February, 1965), can now be studied in an interesting collection of essays published in French and German under the title *Littérature et Réalité* by Akadémiai Kiadó (313pp. £3). Here Professor Béla Köpeczi, till recently the head of the Central Committee's Cultural Department, suggests five different interpretations of the term: (a) the old Stalinist dogma, which he dismisses, (b) the Lukács concept of a realism deriving from nineteenth-century models, which he sees as crampingly conservative, (c) Roger Garaudy's "Réalisme sans rivages", which stretches to include Kafka and possibly Malraux and is much the same as the "réalisme à mille visages" preached by other writers, (d) realism as a definition of style, which he again rejects, and finally (e) realism as a method, evolving its styles to suit the times. He does not go the whole way with M. Garaudy, but obviously a tremendous step forward has been made: avant-garde methods need no longer disqualify a writer or artist in the party's eyes, as they used to disqualify even such intensely political writers as Brecht and Mayakovsky and the Hungarian Attila József. There is also a certain piquancy in the see-sawing of Brecht and Professor Lukács, whose strong theoretical objections to Brecht's work before 1936 have had to be disowned; an essay here by László Illés usefully complements the account given by Klaus Völker in *Kursbuch* (Frankfurt) No. 7.

Yet in the end this whole operation, to which many others have contributed, both inside and outside (e.g., Ernst Fischer) the Soviet block, is essentially an attempt to do what one of the other contributors calls "sauver précédent l'existence même de la notion". It is all very well for enlightened critics to come to terms with modernity and innovation and the whole world of avant-garde experiment, but the fact is that in the past Socialist Realism has never been an illuminating critical theory so much as a stick for the politicians to beat the artists into line with. At the moment, as Pál Mikás, the contributor in question, points out, everybody means something different by "realism" and the actual history of Socialist Realism is scarcely known. There is then a useful job to be done in disentangling this history, in showing how the meaning of the formula has varied since Zhdanov first officially launched it in 1934, and above all in establishing what good (if any) and what harm it has done. But a nostalgic piece of restoration work, by which new plumbing and electric wiring are introduced into the structure so that the façade may be saved . . . what possible value can there be in that? Ingenious as the craftsmen are, they cannot avoid certain awkwardnesses, as when Professor Köpeczi speaks of "decadence" or finds *The Forsyte Saga* better than Joyce and Kafka. Like the words "Socialist Realism" themselves, this is too reminiscent of the differences that used to divide us. Better to pull the whole thing down.

Letters to the Editor

THE DEPOSIT LIBRARIES

SIR,—Mr. Jones's contention that the legal requirement under the Copyright Act to surrender six copies of any publication constitutes a tax on the public rather than on the publisher is undoubtedly true in most cases. Mr. Tucker equally proves that, in an important minority of cases, it may represent a serious imposition on the publisher himself. But some of your correspondents seem to think that the "Copyright libraries" deserve vilification because they operate the law as it stands, and seem to expect them to join forces with those who would amend the law to the "Copyright libraries'" financial disadvantage.

In recent weeks the reports of the Shackleton Commission and of the Trustees of the British Museum have focussed attention on the serious financial difficulties of our great libraries, difficulties which constitute a grave threat to the quality of academic research in this country. A library which surrenders the "Copyright" privilege in return for a fixed annual sum in compensation will suffer heavy financial loss as the value of money falls, and the price of books and the number of titles published continue to rise.

But if compensation for the surrender of the "Copyright" privilege were to consist of an amount re-assessed annually on the basis of the intake of the British Museum (which could be made the sole remaining "Copyright library") with an additional percentage to cover extra administrative overheads, the five former "Copyright libraries" would then be in a position to decide whether they wished to purchase the "Noddy books" as well as the valuable research materials which they now acquire under the Act, or whether some of the compensation ought to be used to further their programmes for the acquisition of foreign books.

BERNARD NAYLOR,
Librarian,
University of London, Institute of Latin American Studies, 31 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—The book trade has eagerly taken up Mr. C. H. Rolph's plea (March 9) for the diminution of deposit libraries. So far, however, no ordinary reader or purchaser has appeared in your columns to support the trade. May I suggest that as soon as the trade promises to reduce prices a great many readers will be on their side?

At the moment, however, the enormous number of titles the trade issues each year clearly proves that it cannot be in financial difficulties. In seeking to rid itself of the burden of the Copyright Act, it merely seeks extra profits. The public certainly pay for the free copies that have to be produced; were the Act altered, they would still pay, though the copyright libraries would then have to buy their books.

JOHN ALEXANDER.
Peterhouse, Cambridge

MRS. GASKELL

SIR,—In your issue of March 23, Mary Lutyens refutes Mrs. Gaskell's assertion that "*Effie Grey was engaged at the very time she accepted Mr. Ruskin* he did not know of it till after their marriage". In saying, however, that this statement is "entirely without foundation" she is only correct in part.

In at least two of the Ruskin letters to Effie published in Admiral James's *The Order of Release*, there are indications that Effie was, in fact, engaged to someone else at the time she accepted Ruskin. One of these, written shortly after his engagement to Effie late in 1847, included the remark that "poor William" would be upset when he heard the news; another, dated November 30 that year, contained the word, "As for poor William . . . there is but the coup de grace to be given—the sooner the better".

On reading these letters at the time they were published, I recalled that my mother had told me, shortly before her death in 1939, that her father, the late Lieutenant-General William Kelty McLeod, had become unofficially engaged to Effie Gray when he was a young subaltern in the 74th Highlanders, somewhere around 1845 or 1846. His own home at that time was in Perth, where he was a close neighbour of the Grays. He had gone out to India to join his regiment soon after and hoped to marry Effie on his return; but it was not to be. Effie became engaged to Ruskin during his absence.

From this it would seem reasonably certain that the "poor William" to whom Ruskin referred was my maternal grandfather, William McLeod. Admiral James, to whom I wrote at the time that his book came out, was unable to confirm definitely that the two Williams were identical, as he had been unable to identify the "poor William" in question; but what is certain is that Effie was engaged, albeit unofficially, "at the very time she accepted Mr. Ruskin". On the other hand, on the evidence provided by the two letters quoted above, Ruskin was clearly aware of this *before* his actual marriage. This seems implicit from his advice to Effie to give "poor William" the coup de grace, and "the sooner the better".

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY.
Inverurr, Kippford by Dalbeattie, Kirkcudbrightshire.

THE PUBLIC LENDING RIGHT

SIR,—As one reads Mr. Penning-Rowsell's article on the Public Lending Right (March 9), one cannot but be appalled at the enormous amount of detailed work that would have to be carried out in libraries (which even now have great difficulties in obtaining staff) to provide data on which to make payments if the proposed Bill were ever to become law. And all this work would have to be paid for out of the rates or the taxes in order to pay inequitably the authors of books in stock in public libraries *but not other libraries—why not?* What it would amount to, in effect, would be to employ a large number of people full-time in order to pay a larger number of very small amounts.

These proposals have arisen because a few agitative authors consider they, and all other authors, are underpaid—about this there can be little doubt. Normally an employed person who has this feeling approaches by some means or other his employer. Publishers stand in the relationship of employer to the authors whose books they publish, and the proper method of making a higher payment is for the authors to be given a higher royalty—I would suggest 50 per cent more.

Publishers can be expected to hold up their hands in horror at this suggestion and say that it would reduce sales; but they have had to pay much greater increases in printers' bills because they have had no option. They still pay their authors the same royalty as two and more generations ago. Seeing that most authors still only get 10 per cent on the retail price of a book (and out of this they have to pay agents' fees, for typing, postage, costs of research, editorial and clerical costs, fees for indexing the books, &c.) it would not put up the cost of books enough to make any difference to sales. A twenty shilling book would cost twenty-one shillings—*but the author would get a 50 per cent increase in his gross income.*

The machinery for achieving this increase already exists—in the publishers offices. No additional staff would have to be employed.

L. M. HARROD.
41 Milton Road, Harpenden, Herts.

POETRY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

SIR,—I suppose librarians ask for trouble. Certainly all our weak spots—public lending right, poetry selection, paper backs, school libraries—were mercilessly probed in your National Library Week number (March 9). But for me, as I suppose for a good many others, the experience was salutary if painful. I went at once to check your poetry list against the library catalogue and was relieved and gratified to find that we had twelve of the titles. (David Wevill had unaccountably slipped through the selection net). I assumed that others would do the same and get similar results and that there would be a number of letters the following week from librarians killing at least this canard. But what you got was a solemn letter from the literary director of the Arts Council telling us apparently that "one could expect only a small fraction of the annual output of poetry to be put on the shelves of the average library", that if we were hard up we could get four books a year from the Poetry Book Society and that if we were even harder up we could borrow from the Arts Council poetry library.

In spite of your depressing statistics I think you will find that most of us know our duty towards imaginative writing. We buy contemporary poetry and hope our readers will borrow and then perhaps buy it.

J. S. BURDEN.
Borough Librarian and Curator, The Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery, Sheep Street, Kettering, Northamptonshire.

LOSER IN VIETNAM

SIR,—I wish I could join with your reviewer in his uncritical enthusiasm for Thich Nhat Hanh's *Vietnam: The Lotus in the Sea of Fire* (*TLS*, March 2). Nhat Hanh supports the idea that much United States action in Vietnam is self-defeating in character, a point on which he writes most perceptively. But when it comes to finding a non-communist nationalist alternative, he shows depressingly little awareness of the problems he is up against.

Nhat Hanh's account of the rise of communism in Vietnam, though it contains mention of some of the communist purges of nationalists, does not refer to the brutal land reform programme in North Vietnam in 1953-56, or to the fate of the Buddhist church there. His passage on the outbreak of the first Indo-China war in 1946 fails to mention the Viet Minh provocations which were one of the contributory causes, and contains no fewer than three serious errors of fact in two lines: contrary to what Nhat Hanh says, French troops had returned to Vietnam long before the Haiphong incident; that incident was on November 23, 1946, not December 27; and it involved one French ship, not the whole fleet.

When it comes to South Vietnam since 1954, Nhat Hanh says that there have been "hardly more than a thousand" Viet Cong assassinations, but he offers no evidence to support this figure, more than seven times lower than that given by Douglas Pike in his admittedly pro-U.S.) study of the Viet Cong. Nor does Nhat Hanh make any reference to the extensive discussion of the war among South Vietnamese Buddhist leaders—a discussion in which Tri Quang and others have made proposals quite contrary to his own. Indeed, Nhat Hanh's whole outline of the Buddhist position is inadequate and inaccurate.

Nhat Hanh has some quite remarkable insights into the way the war affects the Vietnamese; but his book is not a serious outline of non-communist nationalism in Vietnam.

ADAM ROBERTS.
65a Theberton Street, London, N.1.

(*Other letters are on page 274*)

The Rebel Countess
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ON THE STATE

T. H. KEWLEY: *Social Security in Australia.* 401pp. Sydney University Press. £3 14s.

Social revolutions commonly use the prescriptions of the past to cope with the problems of the present: that is to say, blueprints of comprehensive social reform are often, by the time they become institutions, somewhat obsolescent. This was clearly the case with some elements of Britain's postwar revolution, the belated consummation of an indignation and a movement at least fifteen years old. To judge by Mr. Kewley's review of Australian social security it was likewise true to some extent of that country, at least in respect of the two great harvest periods of Federal social legislation (1908-13 and 1941-49), but there are important contrasts too.

Social security in Australia has been achieved in a much more piecemeal makeshift manner and has relied much more on voluntary agencies for its operation. As a result Australian reformers have not had to grapple with monolithic bureaucracies like the British Ministry of Health, ill-adapted to rapidly changing contingencies, but they *have* had to work within a tradition of multifarious and often exasperating charitable enterprise. It is one thing to see, as Lord Beveridge certainly did, a useful, continuing role for voluntary action; it is quite another to organize complicated ad hoc statutory services and operate them through or alongside heterogeneous and sometimes sectarian charities.

Yet that roughly remains the situation in Australia today, and anyone who reads Mr. Kewley's careful account is likely to agree with him that a major review of the whole system (if system it can be called) and its future is overdue. For all the intricacy of the provision for pensions (with means test), sickness benefit (with means test) and voluntary medical insurance, it is still quite possible for elderly and chronically ill Australians to suffer extraordinary hardships. But there is still no sign that the Government is prepared even to consider a compulsory system of national insurance (though Sir Robert Menzies was prepared to resign a portfolio on precisely this issue nearly thirty years ago), much less a graduated scheme like the British one, which would seem to suit Australian needs nicely.

The only conclusion possible is that minority interests do not yet easily gain political attention in that country, not poor minorities at least. Yet it is becoming increasingly clear that if *majorities* provided the major political problem of the past century *minorities* comprise the major one of the foreseeable future, and a country's right to be considered civilized will probably depend increasingly on the way its minorities are treated. This is a cold thought for Australians whose governments long ago pioneered some social reforms, and it is not entirely consoling for ourselves.

Mr. Kewley's survey, soundly anchored historically in late nineteenth-century colonial experiments, is the first of its kind, and it is pleasant to be able to testify that a book so urgently wanted has turned out so well. Trailblazing studies like Mendelsohn's will remain useful, but the development of social security in Britain can now be compared in detail with the Australian—and Commonwealth comparisons are in many respects the most telling. Not that Mr. Kewley has time to identify in depth the sources of all the legislation he describes. That, indeed, is almost the only weakness: one looks in vain for details of all the individuals, publications and organizations which fed politicians with plans and moulded Australian public opinion. One would like to know more precisely why the 1923 Royal Commission was set up, why Sir Godfrey Ince was imported from the British Ministry of Labour to report on unemployment insurance (1936-37), and Sir Walter Kinnear from the Ministry of Health to report on health and pensions insurance (1937), and why, indeed, the period 1918-39 was ultimately so disappointing and barren in social legislation. By concentrating on the growth of Federal activity the author is also obliged to give short shrift to the continuing role of the states.

But at least the overall ground has been authoritatively mapped out, a formidable achievement. To the British reader it is particularly interesting to see what happened in a country which elected its first Labour government since the depression not in 1945 but in 1941. Australia, alas, had no Beveridge but it did have the nine potent if not always foolproof reports of the joint parliamentary committee on social security (1941-46). It was, however, only the passing of a referendum (a very rare event, indeed, in Commonwealth history) in 1946 which opened the way to the immense postwar expansion of the social role of the Commonwealth. Even now state authority remains large in such fields as public health (epidemic control, for example, is still a state responsibility) and, until Commonwealth powers have been extended even further, social security in Australia is bound to stay rather a strange mixture if not a mess.

LIFE WITH THE LYONS

DAME ENID LYONS: *So We Take Comfort.* 283pp. Heinemann. 36s.

J. A. Lyons shares with W. M. Hughes the dubious distinction of being the most famous (and within the party despised) "traitor" in the feverish history of the Australian labour movement. Both, as the result of leaving the Labor Party, enjoyed long stints as non-labour Prime Ministers, though in the case of Lyons experience of the highest office was not only new (if we discount his spell as Premier of Tasmania) but also unpredictable when he parted company with his old "mates".

In *So We Take Comfort* his widow sets out to tell the story of their marriage: the marriage of a seventeen-year-old school teacher to the state Minister of Education who was twice her age, and whom she had never even addressed by his Christian name when she accepted him. The result was a Catholic marriage (she abandoned her Methodism before the wedding) with twelve children and, it seems, enormous happiness, despite all the interruptions of political life.

Dame Enid writes with an almost naive verve and charm, and she succeeds in presenting her "Joe" as the extremely conscientious politician he undoubtedly was; but, having decided to keep political details to a minimum, she also does less than justice to his political ideas. Yet the image of a rather simple man who proved a kindly, affable and cautious Prime Minister ("He had implicit faith in the old adage: 'Two heads are better than one'") is not wholly misleading: the 1930s were not a decade during which Australia was distinguished either by its domestic legislation or its foreign policy.

There are no startling revelations in her account of the break with the Labor Party, her husband's part in the Abdication crisis, and the depressing last days of his ministry (and his life), but it is a useful, disarmingly partial record all the same. Perhaps the most interesting reminiscences relate to their simple family backgrounds in Tasmania, the rapid, heady translation to the role of First Lady at home and abroad ("After dinner I sat beside the Queen on a wide sofa. . . ." "Dear Mrs. Baldwin how kind she was. . . .") and the resurrection of the exchange between H. G. Wells and Lyons when the former was visiting Australia on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of its settlement and denounced Hitler and Mussolini. That Lyons should have rebuked Wells for his undiplomatic language was certainly revealing, but more of his weaknesses than his strength. Without, indeed, the support of such a remarkable wife it is difficult to believe that such a man should have survived in the exhausting role of Prime Minister so long as he did.

The late Victor Gollancz's *From Darkness to Light* was first published in 1956 and is now reissued at 30s. (Gollancz, 668pp.). It is a personal, semi-autobiographical anthology, described in the subtitle as a "confession of faith". The sources range from the Bible and Blake to the Talmud and Tolstoy.

ON THE BEACH

CRAIG MCGREGOR: *Profile of Australia.* 398pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2 28.

Mr. McGregor's publishers invite a comparison with Anthony Sampson's *Anatomy of Britain*, and a reading reveals the remarkable fact that such a comparison is by no means far-fetched. Certainly Mr. McGregor does not come two hoofs out of the exercise. *Profile of Australia* is an arresting if not a stunning likeness.

There are in fact strong virtues on both sides. Mr. Sampson's, especially the new edition, is an even bigger book, but it still has important, self-confessed gaps for instance, any discussion of the arts. These are admirably covered by Mr. McGregor. Mr. Sampson writes with the easy, almost placid authority of a veteran columnist. Mr. McGregor, also a journalist, writes more vividly and with the breathlessness of a guide who is not only bent on covering more ground than anyone else, but who is convinced it is well worth covering. (And he has the support of Bruce Petty's wry, witty drawings.) Mr. Sampson, anatomist, is more concerned with institutions, functions and leadership; Mr. McGregor, portraitist, with the appearance and attitudes of people at large and young people in particular.

Yet both essay virtually the same task: to describe the profound changes their countries have seen since the war. The contrast is no doubt largely to be explained by the authors' personalities, but possibly it also has something to do with less idiosyncratic differences; these are the differences between a nation suddenly enviably prosperous and still imbued with the dialectical convictions of a frontier society, and one still heavily ballasted with its past and facing an increasingly clouded future; between a relatively laisser-faire community which cherishes egalitarian manners and the comfortable myth that just about anyone can become a millionaire if only he sets his mind to it, and one which, though far from egalitarian, is more concerned with communal safeguards against individual suffering; between a country with rapidly mounting illusions of grandeur (albeit as the America of the South Seas) and one with few illusions left.

Mr. McGregor is probably right in insisting that national self-assurance is on the increase, but even his own claims for his country have an aggressiveness which suggests that the old jibe (made by John Pringle and others) about a national inferiority complex is still not entirely misplaced. A people with real self-confidence probably would not bother to write such books or read them. Perhaps the increasingly desperate isolation of the country from Europe and the United States exacerbates the Australians' feelings of insecurity, the flaw in their paradise. Militarily the future of Australia, for all its affluence, is undoubtedly more clouded than Britain's.

Yet, to be fair, Mr. Sampson and Mr. McGregor both start with equally warm convictions of national superiority. Mr. Sampson considers Britain the most civilized, humane and happiest country. Mr. McGregor concludes that Australia is probably still "the freest and fairest society in the world . . . a unique achievement". He has, all the same, noted some of its illiberalism, inadequate educational policy and political corruption; for example, as well as the egg is intended both for the dentist and for the layman; this often than Mr. Sampson, as also Malpighi's intention. Indeed up his argument with a Professor Adelmann points out, it ciling of sociological facts abundantly clear that much of of this is extremely Malpighi's work and almost everyinstance, about Australia published from the time he class and status) time into contact with the Royal times accepts it a little society was done in response to the It is naive, for example, encouragement he received from that Australia's allegedly high-quarter. This Society of scientists without considering the amateurs welcomed his contributions in juvenile of migrants. Until communications, whether they were conquarter of a century to research has been done on the anatomy of the silkconfidence, too, in the little certainty about worm, or of plants or of the developinfluence of the oncoming chick. They elected him a Fellow is belied by his own evi- sponsored his publications, which dence, and he seems illustrated with a great number of to face the full implica- awings. These the Society had enincreasing Americanization neither were some of them saved by the best artists available tralia along with the rest.) Other assertions, about each book was splendidly pro-Finally, the notion that of homosexuality and speed and printed. males and females are for example, are, to say the least, In the edition issued by Cornell rigidly divided than in proven and improbable; diversity Press and made available is already of doubtful some facts are wrong—as this country. Malpighi's drawings then this, the author's in a book of this size, are precisely what makes reproduced for the first time in an exciting place for all sample, Neville Cardus, facsimile. It is apparent that the embittered or supercilious his antipodean memories his antipodean memories outline of the chalk lies closer the pace of change sometimes astonished to learn that a reality than the incised line of the tions almost as fast as his "home country"; the graver, as does the use of sanguine as Mr. McGregor can pain- tainly *not* an inner resident, depict the vascular system. In this of Melbourne; Soldier Edition, too, Malpighi's Latin has was *not* the world's first been translated into English, and the ture; and it is hard to see versions placed side by side on anyone who has read joining pages.

Still, such blemishes as these, but their significance depends price for stimulating on their relation to those which morals and manners; preceded and followed them; their and the beach generation's ferment depends upon an extenthe place where Europe knowledge of all the factors influbecomes Polynesian, lasting their composition as well as a worthy rhapsodist, their influence on subsequent to believe there is no irk. These two papers on the lowing: ick and the egg together with their English and Latin versions with foot-There is probably no more- ile scene in Australia than occupy barely eighty out of a on a Sunday afternoon, some of some two and a half thousyoung men and women in pages. The remainder, apart from briefest costumes, sports cars, occupied by an excellent index the promenade, sunflowers bibliography, are devoted to these lely against the concrete- tation-ships.

lined along the steps to show Professor Adelmann has arranged that jiggle past, everyone's latest fashions, the sun-glasses, thousand ear bonnets, trans- the latest pop hits from an a dozen commercial stations together with heat and comfort liant colours and a sense of conscious Australia at play.

True, he exaggerates the of some institutions: the American-type petting parties cribes date back, like solutions in juvenile quarter of a century to

A CONVICT'S VIEW

J. F. MORTLOCK: *Experiences of a Convict Transported for Life.* Edited by G. A. Wilkes and A. G. Mitchell. 240pp. Sydney University Press. London: Methuen. 28s.

Today a man who devoted his best years to campaigning for his rights in the matter of a legacy of which he was convinced he had been defrauded by an uncle would more probably be regarded as a victim of paranoia than injustice. On the same principle, if a long-continued guerrilla offensive against the same uncle culminated in violence which brought the aggressor before the courts, he would stand a good chance of getting probation, or even a conditional discharge, on the understanding that he would have psychiatric treatment. The first half of the nineteenth century was less civilized. J. F. Mortlock, son and grandson of Cambridge bankers and a member of a family of note in both town and university, got transportation for twenty-one years.

His book, written for the most part in Cambridge County Gaol, where he was committed between Australia, shows that in the least, obsessional shows with how much and good sense he other than his fellow hulks in Plymouth spent eighteen when, after three behaviour, his were replaced by foot in walking till the muscles their lighter of his probation made his living mained observant. pered. The picture curious period in and confinement sibilities open to a rare chapter of



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THE CHICKEN AND THE EGG

HOWARD B. ADELMANN: *Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology.* 5 Volumes. 2,475pp. Cornell University Press. O.U.P. £70.

Professor Howard B. Adelmann's edition of Marcello Malpighi's two papers on the formation of the chick in the egg is intended both for the dentist and for the layman; this Professor Adelmann points out, it abundantly clear that much of Malpighi's work and almost everybe published from the time he time into contact with the Royal society was done in response to the encouragement he received from that Society of scientists amateurs welcomed his contributions in juvenile communications, whether they were conthe anatomy of the silkform, or of plants or of the developchick. They elected him a Fellow sponsored his publications, which illustrated with a great number of awings. These the Society had enwere some of them saved by the best artists available each book was splendidly proand printed.

In the edition issued by Cornell diversity Press and made available this country. Malpighi's drawings reproduced for the first time in facsimile. It is apparent that the outline of the chalk lies closer reality than the incised line of the graver, as does the use of sanguine depict the vascular system. In this Edition, too, Malpighi's Latin has been translated into English, and the versions placed side by side on joining pages.

Anyone with sufficient intellectual ity and a little manual skill today retrace Malpighi's experiments, but their significance depends on their relation to those which preceded and followed them; their development depends upon an extenknowledge of all the factors influencing their composition as well as their influence on subsequent work. These two papers on the ick and the egg together with their English and Latin versions with footoccupy barely eighty out of a some two and a half thouspages. The remainder, apart from occupied by an excellent index bibliography, are devoted to these tation-ships.

Professor Adelmann has arranged his material in chronological order—Malpighi's student days at Bologna; his stay at Pisa; the move to Messina; his years in Rome. The material available varies in quantity and quality and the information comes from a variety of sources to which reference is in each instance made. Had it not been for the excellent index, its fragmentation and variety would have made it difficult to follow any particular aspect of Malpighi's development. The picture of the man that emerges is a composite one made up of a number of little fragments. Many of these are missing but sufficient have survived to enable some conclusions to be reached about a very complicated person.

Malpighi was born on March 10, 1628, and he matriculated in 1646. On three occasions death interfered with his plans. In July, 1649, he lost, within a few days, his father, mother and paternal grandmother. As the eldest surviving member of the family he became responsible for the care of his five brothers and sisters and for the running of the family estate at Crevalcore. Six years later his plans were again placed in jeopardy by the sudden death of his teacher, Massari. This was presumably shortly after he had become engaged to Massari's sister. Four years later, having done well at Pisa, he had returned to Bologna and obtained a chair in medicine when once again his plans were upset by the assassination of a senior colleague, Tommaso Sbaraglia, who was stabbed on December 14, 1659, by Malpighi's younger brother Bartolommeo.

As soon as the issues that arose from the murder of Sbaraglia were settled and Bartolommeo, who had been condemned to death, was pardoned and set at liberty, Malpighi took up an appointment at Messina, bringing Bartolommeo with him and leaving his sisters with Francesca Massari. This appointment he owed to Borelli, who went out of his way to help him. Having completed three years at Messina Malpighi returned to Bologna in 1666, and in the following year married Francesca Massari. Malpighi was then close to his thirty-ninth birthday; his bride was almost nineteen years his senior. She was a woman of some means, who, as Professor Adelmann remarks, probably had taken excellent care of his sisters. "It is not", he adds, "to be wondered at that a man harassed by family responsibilities and diffident and retiring to boot should have been attracted to a woman so much older than himself", and he believes that the consequences to Malpighi of Bartolommeo's impulsive act are incalculable. It made of Tommaso Sbaraglia's younger brother, Giovanni Girolamo, a relentlessly bitter enemy and added to the professional jealousy that might have developed in any case a smouldering hatred which all his life he would vent in various ways upon Malpighi savagely bruising and even deforming a sensitive personality that could only suffer in private and that knew no other defense than retreat.

This retreat was into another world, discovered with lens and primitive microscope—a world where "In so far as the meagreness of my powers will permit, I shall pursue my observations as a solace for the feebleness of my body and mind". Yet escape was not that easy.

Sbaraglia apparently haunted him; even Malpighi's account of the attack on his country home has the quality of a recurrent nightmare. "Some days ago", he wrote to Bellini in 1689,

> a gang of ruffians passed through Castelella and wrecked all my little villa. . . . When the Captain entered my house, he began to take all my anatomical charts from the wall, and with some pieces of wood and plants that I was observing as a pastime he made a jumbled heap and set it on fire, reducing everything to ashes. When he found my lenses and little microscopes, he amused himself and his companions by throwing them gracefully into the air, and it looked as if he were playing shuttlecock.

When the Captain removed his mask he was seen to be Sbaraglia. This story, which has hitherto been accepted as real, Professor Adelmann believes to be imaginary and composed as a Bernesque joke", a tardy attempt to meet with ridicule differences of opinion Malpighi could so easily have afforded to ignore.

At that time he was a wealthy and distinguished physician. Many of his patients were of great influence and devoted to him. The Prince Marcantonio Borghese wrote, begging him to pay less attention to the persecution he was undergoing. The Duke of Modena, another of his patients, was prepared to intervene on his behalf.

Some two years later Antonio Pignatelli, who had been Malpighi's patient when Cardinal Legate in Bologna from 1684 to 1687, was elected Pope. He chose the name of Innocent XII, and insisted that Malpighi should come to Rome as his personal physician, Privy Chamberlain and Archiater.

In Rome, as in Florence and Messina, Malpighi made new friends and met many interesting people. Those friends enliven this remarkable account of Malpighi's life and make it of great value to any student of the period there is, for instance, a fascinating account from Borelli's rather jaundiced viewpoint of "an unusual, strange, and in more than one respect, outlandish pair, the Englishmen John Finch and Thomas Baines", and of their career as Anatomists at the Tuscan Court. This culminates with their departure and subsequent return, Charles Having knighted Finch and appointed him his Resident at the court of Ferdinand II. "Those English anatomists are here", Borelli wrote on July 10, 1665,

> and instead of being anatomists they have become the King of England's Residents, with the haughtiest pomp and circumstance. My friends and I have not visited or beheld them, though there are some of our Pisan doctors, such as Ferenzi and others like him, who have stepped forward to pay them court.

Borelli wrote charming letters to Malpighi. He secured his appointment to Messina through the influence of his friend Viscount Giacopo Ruffo, a member of the great aristocratic family which included Don Antonio Ruffo, whose palace at Messina with its magnificent collection of pictures was described by Francis Haskell as a "stronghold of European culture in the backwater of the crumbling Spanish Empire". This family welcomed Malpighi as Borelli's friend; his knowledge of the fine arts, his zest as a collector of pictures and antique medals won their affection. Don Antonio valued his judgment and continued to write to him on his return to Bologna, and Malpighi recalls happy times in the great gallery and summers spent in Ruffo's villa by the seaside.

From Borelli can be learnt the most convenient way to travel from Bologna to Messina; what to take and what to purchase on arrival; how professional dress and mode of transport differed in the two cities. Borelli also advised Malpighi to begin some research as soon as he could—"doing something that interests you, just as I continue to find pleasure in such studies". The letters exchanged between them came to an end all too soon. Despite Borelli's efforts on Malpighi's behalf they quarrelled shortly after Malpighi's return from Messina.

In Rome Malpighi enjoyed an Indian summer. One of his new friends, Lancisi, may well have reminded him of the brilliant group at Pisa. Lancisi was also a member of the Academy of the Arcadians which had just been founded, and though nearly twenty-six years Malpighi's junior had already served as Archiater to Innocent XI. One hot August day two years before Malpighi's death this health was already failing) Lancisi repeated the old Hippocratic experiment with the incubated eggs. But instead of examining them at daily intervals over twenty days, Lancisi showed Malpighi how by writing the dates on the eggs and setting them at daily intervals for twenty days the whole series could be examined and compared in one session. In return Malpighi taught him

> how to remove the cicatricula of the chick from the egg and place it on glass, so that with diligence and patience he could observe with a microscope all the things that happen on each of the first days of incubation and likewise easily make drawings of them.

Two years later, Malpighi had a severe stroke affecting his right side. A further stroke on November 29 killed him.

Throughout his life Malpighi had been exploring the new territory opened up by the microscope. He had a remarkably accurate eye, but his mind, which really did the seeing, was, as Professor Adelmann points out,

> the mind of a seventeenth century scholar and he could not possibly interpret his findings otherwise than in the intellectual context of his times. . . . To understand and appraise his dissertations on the development of the chick, we must first trace the main currents of embryological thought before his day and then examine his contribution against this background.

The second of these five volumes consists of this introductory study. It is perhaps of more specialized appeal than those devoted to Malpighi's life and times but nevertheless it is of concern to every intelligent person in so far as it deals with the miraculous transformation of an apparently inert egg into a lively chick.

The other volumes are designed for those who, having gone so far, would go further and determine for themselves how far Malpighi's work influenced the subsequent development of this discipline. They contain a series of "excursus" or essays on a particular aspect of Malpighi's observations with special emphasis on work extending to about the middle of the nineteenth century. From them the reader may learn how slow and uncertain progress has been until recent years.

Professor Adelmann published a study of Colter's tract on the developing chick in 1933. This was followed nine years later by his first book on the embryological treatises of Fabricius of Aquapendente. He has been engaged on this study of Malpighi for the past twenty years, and since the three works are interrelated, in a sense for all his professional life. This does not, however, seem too long for a work of this character and stature.

SCIENTIFIC A TO Z

The International Encyclopedia of Science. Edited by James R. Newman. 4 Volumes. 1,274pp. 84 plates. Nelson. £12 12s.

No other encyclopedia of this size and price, in the English language, aims to cover all the main facts and theories of science in a way useful to general readers and acceptable and useful to scientists. This is possible only to the extent that precision is combined with simplicity. It follows in turn that principles must be emphasized compared with details, and that the pattern of explanation, and therefore of entries, should be planned in detail from the beginning. In many subjects, however, there are limits—especially in respect of mathematics—to the depth of penetration open to the true general reader, however willing and able. In practice, there should be something for everyone on all subjects—though within a subject there may be entries where this ceases to be the case. These are ones to which a general reader would be likely to find his way only by browsing or through a forward reference from another entry which will have been easier to cope with.

Success appears to have been due mainly to a combination of good planning and editing, notably through a compact group of consultant editors, who not only chose but also supervised authors—all of whom are identified. It must be added that the present edition is essentially the *Harper Encyclopedia of Science* (published in 1963), with additions made by Dr. Peter Stubbs. He has done well—even allowing that as a member of the editorial staff of the *New Scientist* he had unusual advantages for the job. In one respect, however, he must have been restricted by the tightness of the original planning. He could not, for obvious reasons, rewrite a planned entry by someone else so as to include a point of background or theory that at the time had seemed unnecessary, but had become necessary in the interval. In one important case—the laser, which many may look for—an obvious limitation in treatment is traceable to just such an omission. That no other comparable case has been noted is a tribute to the original grand design. A more general point is the use of an unorthodox system of abbreviations which, in the case of scientific units especially, could give trouble later to anyone who has learnt largely from this otherwise dependable source.

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CROWNS, CAPS AND HATS

MICHAEL ROBERTS: *Essays in Swedish History*. 358pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 3s.

"Few fields of historical research have been more neglected by English scholars than the history of Scandinavia." So Professor Roberts begins his first essay. He ends it by saying, "The man who finds Swedish history dull had better not read history at all". The first statement was true in 1954, when Professor Roberts wrote it, but he himself altered this deplorable state of affairs by his admirable writings and by giving an example which others have followed. His second remark is questionable. Swedish history can be made dull, as anyone who has had to read Swedish school textbooks knows. But Professor Roberts has altered that too. Except for occasional excursions into the dusty byways of scholarship (the innovation of marching in step "needs investigation") he is very readable. Even his footnotes can usually be read with pleasure, which is just as well, since 234 of them are annexed to his paper on "Cromwell and the Baltic" and 235 to his essay on "Great Britain and the Swedish Revolution".

The opening essay, "On Swedish History in General", an introduction to Miss Carolyn Hannay's translation of Dr. Ingvar Andersson's *A History of Sweden*, is a model of compression, and the frequent parallels drawn between Swedish and British history are remarkably illuminating. Rapidly, however, we pass to one of Professor Roberts's favourite subjects, aristocratic constitutionalism.

Erik Gustaf Geijer idealized the yeoman and with his partiality to generalizations, of which the most famous is "The history of Sweden is the history of her kings", tended to make Swedish history into a fable of the noble peasant and the paramount king being continually thwarted by a power-hungry aristocracy. This view was strongly combated by Anders Fryxell, who from 1845 onwards endeavoured to show that Swedish history was much more than a struggle between the sovereign and the nobility. It is true that in the Recess of Kalmar (1483) the council demanded that its members should be "kings over their own peasants", but the document was never accepted by any king. Gustav Vasa solved the problem by developing the *riksdag* so that it could fight its own battles without having to enlist the support of the aristocracy. The absolutism of Erik XIV, however, destroyed those checks and the blood-bath at Linköping in 1600 poisoned the monarchy's relation with the high aristocracy. The Recess of Kalmar insisted that no base-born (*vanbördig*) person be placed over a nobleman, and this condition survived the concerted onslaught upon the nobility by the three lower Estates in 1650, continued through Clas Rålamb's leadership of the council and lasted until 1682. By 1719, however, the day when the high aristocracy could claim to speak for the nation and stand as the champion of constitutionalism had passed. "Still, as Professor Roberts remarks," the Swedish aristocracy, for all its heavy faults, had the high virtue of a genuine patriotism which was prepared to put country before class" and he concludes that Fryxell rather than Geijer has the best of the argument.

In the essay on "Gustav Adolf and the Art of War" we are shown how the king's training as a soldier led to his becoming a great theorist, as well as a thorough drill-master, a skilled gunner, a superb tactician and a strategic innovator, and how the combined effect of Gustav Adolf's reforms was to provide Sweden by 1630 with an army far better equipped than any other of the age in fire-power (the salvo) and shock. The essay on "The Political Objectives of Gustav Adolf in Germany" confirms the accepted judgments of modern Swedish historians, who have based themselves on the researches carried out by Bertil Boëthius and Nils Ahnlund fifty years ago, and it adds little to a familiar picture.

In his essay on "Queen Christina and the General Crisis of the Seventeenth Century" Professor Roberts offers an original analysis of the crisis of 1650. Fear of social war was very real in that year. There was a social crisis, a constitutional crisis and a food crisis. The nobles had come to think of themselves as having a right not merely to the peasant's taxes but also to his land. The Diet, however, made a corresponding leap forward and the right of free speech was firmly asserted. Most important of all, the three lower Estates asserted their right to formulate their own resolutions. The object of the lower Estates was to make the crown independent of parliamentary supply. The queen was to "live of her own". Christina's posturing and flattery of the people were, however, intended only to ensure their acceptance of Charles as her successor. So successful was she that in the moment of victory in 1652 she could even reconcile herself with Oxenstierna. Nevertheless, as Professor Trevor-Roper has pointed out, the crisis was produced as much by Christina's folly, extravagance and waste as by the greed of the aristocracy for power.

For English readers, the most interesting of these essays is perhaps that on "Cromwell and the Baltic". The main charge in the indictment against Cromwell's Baltic policy is that he subordinated English trade to the pursuit of the out-dated illusion of a general Protestant league against the Roman Catholic powers and this view has been generally accepted. Professor Roberts, however, ingeniously musters arguments and facts to show that Cromwell wished to reconcile Charles X and the Dutch and thought that an Anglo-Swedish treaty would be viewed as a provocation by the Estates General because of the vital importance of their trade in the Baltic. The safe line was the line that the Protector always took and if he took it mainly from fear he was justified because the preservation of the Baltic was the common interest of all trading nations and particularly of England and Holland. "Prudence" was Cromwell's watchword as much as, or more than, "Protestantism". Here Professor Roberts threads his way through the intricacies of Baltic diplomacy with uncommon skill.

The essay on "The Military Revolution 1560-1660" makes the important point that while experts in military history are usually content to describe, social historians have not thought that new fashions in tactics or improvements in weapon-design were of much significance for their purpose. Thus a revolution which exerted a profound influence on the course of European history has passed almost unnoticed by historians. The increase in the scale of war led inevitably to an increase in the authority of the state, which in its turn led to ever-increasing costs and financial devices to prevent monarchs from plunging into debt. The standing army was recognized as a necessary evil and by 1660 the modern art of war had come to birth.

The last remaining qualms as to the religious and ethical legitimacy of war seemed to have been stilled. The road lay open, broad and straight, to the abyss of the twentieth century.

The essay on Charles XI, an expanded version of the Enid Muir Memorial Lecture, is the masterpiece of the volume. Charles XI, shy, hot-tempered, narrow-minded, obstinate and plodding, seemingly eclipsed in history by the brilliance of his heroic father and meteoric son, is shown to be worthier of our admiration than either. It was Charles XI's achievement to demonstrate that Sweden could live without a paymaster, achieve solvency, maintain a first-class army in peacetime, and remain neutral not only without danger but also with increased international prestige. He thus solved Sweden's problem of how to abdicate gracefully from the status of a great power. His gradual assumption of power in the years after 1680 caused a constitutional upheaval, but he did not consider himself, as did Frederick III of Denmark, absolved from the obligation to conform to the law. The reign of Charles XI saw the virtual completion of the slow process of evolution which changed the office-holder from a royal minion into a servant of the state. Office was opened to men of merit, whether nobles or commoners. Most paradoxical of all, the absolutism of Charles XI, through the new bureaucracy, paved the way for the Age of Liberty.

It is a commonplace that with the death of Charles XII in the trenches before Fredrikshald Sweden entered a new phase of her history. The events of 1718-20 represent the victory of a political principle, the principle of limited rather than absolute kingship. The danger of a clash between the Nobility and the Lower Estates diminished after 1723 and the *Riddarhus*, where the nobles held their debates, became the centre of Swedish political life. After the fall of Arvid Horn it was the lesser nobility that really ruled Sweden and by 1772 the distinction between noble and non-noble land was beginning to break down. The aristocracy, however, in trying to maintain some privileges and to revive others brought Sweden's new constitutional structure to the ground and a bloody revolution seemed possible. It was in April 1772 that Gustav III seized supreme power and Professor Roberts devotes his last essay to "Great Britain and the Swedish Revolution, 1772-3".

During the early 1760s Britain had sought an alliance with Russia, but Frederick the Great was quicker off the mark; he secured an alliance with Catherine in 1764 and was determined to prevent any other nation from sharing this privilege. England had therefore to look for an area where Russian and British interests coincided and decided on Scandinavia. The party struggles of the 1760s led the leaders of the pro-French Hats and the pro-British Caps to admit that reforms were necessary if anarchy was to be averted. Indeed much of Gustav III's programme of reform had been envisaged either by the Hats or the Caps, both of whom lacked the authority and the security of tenure which were needed to carry through the necessary measures.

In February, 1771, Adolf Frederick died. The Caps of 1771 stood for the abolition of noble privileges, and the excesses of the Lower Estates drove many moderates to look to the new king as the only hope for Sweden. Gustav III promised his subjects the constitution of Gustav Adolf and gave them instead a liberal form of despotism. London public opinion was generally unfavourable; Gustav was condemned as the destroyer of the liberties of his people. British policies, however, became more and more confused and by the end of 1772 it seemed that side by side with the official foreign policy there existed another secret policy, a temporary rapport with Franco. The danger which both the British and the French tried to avert was a Russian attack on Sweden and, in the end, after many vacillations and subterfuges, England and France, despite the sneers of Frederick the Great, could claim a measure of success for their foreign policies. Nevertheless, Suffolk had as little justification for claiming that the British Navy had saved the peace as d'Aiguillon had for claiming that the Toulon armament had saved Sweden. What in fact saved both was the preoccupation of Russia and Prussia with the partition of Poland.

The ten essays (some of them revised lectures) which compose this volume were written between 1953 and 1965 and they deal chiefly with the period 1520-1773. The principal theme is the ambivalent contention between the monarchy and the lower orders on the one hand and the high aristocracy, the great landowners, on the other. The secondary theme is the art of war and the effect of war on humanity and history. All the essays are packed with learning and nearly all of them are rich in original ideas and thought-provoking statements. Professor Roberts's arguments are thoroughly documented and his meticulous scholarship is illuminated by flashes of wit and humour such as the phrase, "Illegal taxation is simply not a major issue in Swedish constitutional history, and the roll of national heroes is surprisingly poor in village Hampdens" and the penetrating, slightly ironical, portrait of Charles XI, of whom he writes, "He suffered from word-blindness, which caused him to write like a mishandled typewriter". As an historian of Sweden Professor Roberts has few equals in Europe outside that country and few superiors inside it.

Grasset, Paris, have published Pierre Dommergues's *Les USA à la recherche de leur identité*. It is an anthology of essays by forty American writers on the American scene, all of which have appeared elsewhere and which have been translated into French. The book has 486 pages and costs 22.50 francs.

COSY COUNTRY

DAVID HOUSTON: *A Portrait of Denmark*. 148pp. Cassell & Sons.

Mr. David Houston an English journalist living in Denmark has written a personal portrait of the country which is packed with information. The book, as the publisher's state, is presented in a style that is often humorous or gently ironic, but the humour occasionally degenerates into whimsy and the irony is sometimes more obvious than subtle.

There is sufficient historical, political, agricultural, geographical and social comment to give a clear picture of the country, and the chapters on the Folk High Schools, industry, new papers and Greenland are excellent. Bishop Grundtvig, usually given credit for being the "father of the Danish Folk High Schools", did not actually found them or even formulate any detailed plans for their organization. He merely preached principles and left it to others to put them into practice. Denmark's first Folk High School was started in 1844 at Rodding by Christian Flor, but the real founder of the system was Christen Kold, to whom Mr. Houston does not give full justice. Sport, such as the mink industry, and the farming are dealt with briefly and the view of what "New York" is the view of what "New York" means to the compilers of *Hart's Guide to New York City*, which is almost entirely a guide to the borough of Manhattan. It is Father Knickerbocker's Gotham which is described here. True, the Bronx is dealt with briefly, and so are one or two monuments in Brooklyn. You are told how to get to Staten Island, but not what you will find there: for example, Sailors' Snug Harbor. This is unjust to four of the five New York boroughs, and Manhattan is not even the biggest of them, but that is how the world sees New York. It is above all Manhattan Island.

The 157 illustrations, cleverly chosen and [illegible] paints, caricatures, posters, medals, architectural [illegible] match boxes. There are [illegible] discrepancies between [illegible] the captions of the plates. [illegible] page 50 text has "Cr[illegible]" and caption "Kristen [illegible]" 73 text has "Tri[illegible]" and caption "Trian[illegible]". There are a number [illegible] and there is no ind[illegible] are dealt with curso[illegible] architecture and the [illegible] is a picture of King [illegible] conducting an orchestra [illegible] at his bell, but there is [illegible] of Carl Nielsen, who [illegible] garded as a better [illegible] of minor defects the [illegible] painted and Denmark [illegible] round with warts and all.

SPANIARD IN THE NETHERLANDS

DUKE DE BAENA: *The Dutch Puzzle*. 192pp. The Hague: 12,50 florins.

The Dutch are just as much a puzzle to the Duke of Baena as they must have been for his compatriots four centuries ago. One suspects that one clue to the Spanish bewilderment may be a difference in attitude of mind. The Duke is painfully vexed by the "fanaticism" (which "overwhelmed reason") of Dutch resistance against what he describes diplomatically as the Spanish Presence in the Netherlands after 1555. He minimizes the force of the Counter-Reformation under King Philip II's rule. His Grace regrets that the Dutch did not seize the chance to benefit from "Spanish culture, which was enjoying its Golden Age". It does not seem that the Dutch did too badly in their own Golden Age.

The author had ample opportunity to observe and study the Dutch. He was posted as a junior Embassy-official to The Hague in 1920, just after the First World War in which Holland had been able to remain neutral, and saw an entirely different people and country when he went back in 1945, accredited again to Queen Wilhelmina, this time as Ambassador. After three years and the abdication of Queen Wilhelmina he left, but returned to live in The Hague from 1958 to 1964, when more great changes were taking place. Much of the material in this book (written in English: the author knows England well for he was the Chargé d'Affaires there [illegible] of San Lucar) is d[illegible] Duke quoting a host of [illegible] and observers of the [illegible].

However, he does [illegible] criticisms of his own [illegible] friends, whose [illegible] seem to differ widely [illegible] A people that has [illegible] hazards of nature [illegible] pride in being called [illegible] The way greater [illegible] women in Holland, [illegible] with his own [illegible] manifest itself [illegible] wince. No doubt [illegible] centuries ago were [illegible] by the awesome appearance [illegible] women on the ramparts [illegible] one Kenau left such a [illegible] her name is still used [illegible] lance to denote a [illegible]

One of the very few [illegible] the Spaniards in Holland [illegible] hot-pot (*cocido*) which [illegible] popular Dutch [illegible] *pot* is served traditionally [illegible] 3 to commemorate the [illegible] den in 1574. [illegible] ordered the breaches [illegible] flood the Spanish [illegible] trenches and what [illegible] burghers of Leyden [illegible] of these, they greedily [illegible] they found still [illegible] abandoned kitchens [illegible] surprisingly missing [illegible] book.

MANCHESTER CITY

JOHN SANDERS: *Manchester*. Illustrated by Gareth Hurt-Davis. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.

The sun was pinned like a medal low in the western sky over the harvest fields, and light rain had begun to fall when Sir Thomas Stanley, John Holcroft and other landing townsmen had gathered their men. . . .

Who would have thought Manchester had so romantic, so sharply recorded a history? Mr. Sanders's book is short, but he fills in the details of his chosen scenes as vividly as a television documentary. Sir Thomas and company were moving against the city's royalist faction at the start of the Civil War. Manchester was for the Parliament. But there remained many Stuart fellow-travellers; a century later half the town welcomed the Young Pretender when the prince, "stooping excessively as always and wearing his habitual expression of melancholy, walked through a crowd of admirers to the Collegiate Church".

Soon—a little less melancholy, no doubt, despite that 'and theme-song "Farewell, Manchester" on his lips or at least in his heart—he made off northwards with supplies of Manchester money and men, some of whom were subsequently executed for their romantic pains. By that time the industrial city was well on its way to being established, and Mr. Sander's next big chance for a cavalry sequence is Peterloo. Having charged the harmless mob, the yeomanry "eased their horses' girths, wiped the blood stains from their sabres, and drew the[illegible] tight uniform neckbands [illegible] forefingers".

Well, we know it [illegible] who, one cannot help [illegible] was watching as [illegible] (Not Mr. Floyd, [illegible] achieved a sketch [illegible] seems to thunder [illegible] Certainly Mr. [illegible] close eye-witnesses in [illegible] has been detailed [illegible] vation of the [illegible] Manchester scene [illegible] apart as Engels [illegible] and Queen Victoria [illegible] diary of her 1851 [illegible] excellent piece of [illegible] her majesty was [illegible] get down to [illegible] she noted was [illegible] gent but painfully [illegible] population they [illegible] ever, even the [illegible] Manchester has [illegible] as this swiftly moving [illegible]

It is a pity that [illegible] to do any kind of [illegible] lectual and artistic [illegible] remarkable [illegible] which developed in [illegible] the close of the [illegible] two or more decades [illegible] was a [illegible]pean [illegible] vincial English city [illegible] of its past that [illegible] attention just now [illegible]

THE SAME OLD MANHATTAN

HAROLD H. HART: *Hart's Guide to New York City*. Illustrations by Ruby Davidson, maps by Hilda Simon. 1,331pp. Frederick Muller. £2 10s.

In the Second World War musical *On the Town*, the "gobs" expressed the view that New York ran from the Bronx down to the Battery. And this means taken by the compilers of *Hart's Guide to New York City*, which is almost entirely a guide to the borough of Manhattan. It is Father Knickerbocker's Gotham which is described here. True, the Bronx is dealt with briefly, and so are one or two monuments in Brooklyn. You are told how to get to Staten Island, but not what you will find there: for example, Sailors' Snug Harbor. This is unjust to four of the five New York boroughs, and Manhattan is not even the biggest of them, but that is how the world sees New York. It is above all Manhattan Island.

It is perhaps a sign of the endless habitability of New York that the slum regions round the Battery are now being rehabilitated on a grand scale, and the Bronx is becoming even more an amorphous extension of Manhattan. The fact that New York changes so fast—and so often in unpredictable ways accounts for the main fault of this generally useful guide. It was ready for publication in the spring of 1964 (so we are told), it was published in England at the end of 1966. The results of this delay are sometimes irritating and sometimes disastrous. It is merely irritating to have a fairly flatter-ing account of a great New York hotel in print after the hotel has disappeared. It is a great deal more than irritating to have an account of the *Herald Tribune* which ignores the fact that the paper has died. (The account is extremely bad anyway, since the history of the paper does not mention James Gordon Bennett). Some of the optimistic views expressed about the future of the performing arts complex at Lincoln Center have, alas, been proved baseless. The Center may recover from a very bad start, but it *has* had a very bad start.

On the other hand, the Verrazano Bridge was opened at the end of 1964 and has made Manhattan more than ever an island surrounded by bridges and has profoundly altered the pattern of traffic from north to south.

Other minor errors arise from the delay in publication. New Yorkers have got completely used to calling Kennedy Airport. The worst of the building of Penn Station is over. But in a city which changes so fast it is rather rash to publish a guide which, by definition, is out of date as soon as it is published.

However, the merits of this guide are very great. They are almost exclusively utilitarian. There is excellent information about transport. For example, you can find out very quickly the distance by air to Allentown (Penna.) or Glasgow (Scotland). There is a very adequate account of the inadequate railroad service and useful information about parking and about ways in and out of Manhattan. There is a helpful account of the law governing to New York taxicabs, a law which is fairly well enforced. Thus there is none of the London nonsense about the six-mile limit, so that the quickest and most convenient way to get to Kennedy Airport or La Guardia to take a taxi, especially if one is driving up town in, say, East 60th Street. The racket of bargaining at London Airport is forbidden in New York, as are some other maddening London practices. But the taxis themselves are uncomfortable, and it is not surprising to learn that a good many people buy London taxis to use as private cars. Alas, London is imitating New York, just as London is beginning to be imitated in that city.

There is also a great deal of useful shopping information. We learn where to buy canaries (Gimbel's) and where to get spectacles repaired. All the side of life is admirably dealt with. There is also useful financial information about tipping, about the price of meals, and the price of hotels. Cabs, by New York standards, are cheap. Haircuts are not. A haircut in a representative New York barber shop is about 17s. 6d. It is interesting to learn that young men who are not too ambitious get their hair done cheaper than that. Some of the prices given may be a little intimidate European tourists. To be charged something between £1 and 30s. for coffee and cake after the theatre is enough to scare off the most lavish European spenders, and indeed, all but the most lavish American spenders. If the only resource after the theatre were to go to places praised here, it would be much simpler to go to a rather sleazy bar and have whisky and crackers. And as we learn that a good many rather smart bars have what is the equivalent of the old free lunch counter, the charms of these coffee houses seem invisible.

There is also a very good description of New York liquor laws, which are extremely complicated, but nothing of the graft which angered Governor Nelson Rockefeller when he discovered it, or when it was pointed out to him. Nor is it explained why New York bars (and American bars in general) are so dark. They are all right for "soft communings with a mink", to quote from Oliver Gogarty, but they are useless to someone who wants to read a paper while waiting for someone else, and can hardly see his hand in front of his face.

We are told about the postal service, though no idea is given of how bad it really is or how scarce post offices are by the standards of London or Paris. It is true that in London we can no longer be so snooty about the New York postal service; but Americans in general, and especially the authors of this guide, might pay a visit to Paris (France) to discover how good a great metropolitan postal service can be. As it is, the proud quotation from Herodotus on the New York Post Office, put there by Woodrow Wilson, is a bad joke in modern New York. The Great King did rather better, at any rate for himself, than the United States government does today.

With one or two exceptions, as a source of utilitarian information to the visitor to New York this is a very well designed book. It has some extremely useful maps of the city and of the transport system, although it has two atrociously bad and misleading end-papers which will irritate those who know Manhattan and will completely baffle those who do not.

As a guide to New York City, it has as many faults as virtues. It is the work of a team of contributors and they seem to vary greatly in acuteness, intelligence and, indeed, in literacy. Moreover, although there is some candid criticism (some of it too severe), in general this is a booster's guide. Some of the boosting about New York has its comic aspect. Thus we learn of the preeminence of the Parke-Bernet Galleries in the international art world when we know that the Parke-Bernet Galleries have been taken over by Sotheby's of London. The aesthetic judgments seem to be based on size and cost. The architectural authors of this guide looked forward to a time when the Cathedral of St. John the Divine would be completed and so become the biggest Gothic edifice in the world. This prospect filled with horror a great many people who can now relax. For the money has, fortunately, run out, and Ralph Adams Cram's modification of the original Byzantine design is never to be finished. A much cheaper and smaller version will have to do. This is oddly like the history of Sir Edwin Lutyens's cathedral in Liverpool. But in Liverpool only one design was scrapped; in New York two. A failure of financial resources has sometimes beneficial results, and the claims of York Minster and Seville are not to be threatened by the completion of Cram's plan.

The innocent and now rather impressive Gothic revival churches of the self-taught Renwick are vastly superior to much of the modern sophisticated Gothic which disfigures Manhattan. Other aesthetic judgments are odd. The fact is that New York, in detail, is not particularly attractive. It could be held that it has no modern building as original as some of the very new buildings of Chicago. Park Avenue is not such a masterpiece of architecture as the authors seem to think. It is very long and very expensive; some of the buildings are quite attractive: but that is all. On the other hand, as we are told, the whole of New York, and especially Manhattan, *is* the most expensive mass of building ever constructed by the human race.

New York is not, in spite of what is said on the jacket, the biggest city in the world. Tokyo succeeded London; there was no New York period of supremacy. What is magnificent, overwhelming, and startling is New York *en masse*. Therefore something should have been said of how New York looks from the outside. Even to one who has known the city for a long time, it is still a very startling sight from one of the good viewpoints around the central island. Perhaps the best view is from the south, from the Pulaski Skyway; but there are very good views from some of the East River bridges, and the approach by sea is as magnificent as ever though the voyager on a first visit to New York nearly always mistakes Brooklyn for Manhattan. No American city except San Francisco can compete with the New York skyline, and the view of San Francisco, say from Sausalito, owes more to nature than to art.

Another weakness of this guide is the failure to do anything to describe New York as a community. Following rather naively an alphabetical order, a great many institutions, groups and activities are described too briefly and not in sufficient relationship to each other. There is nothing here equivalent to the survey of New York done in the Federal Guides of a generation ago. We all know that New York is the greatest Jewish city that history has seen, but there is next to no real description of the results of this fact. We have an entry on the Bialystoker Kuchen Bakery but no mention of the Lubavicher Rebbe and no adequate account of the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn which has been called the "*mea sherin* of the United States". We are told that Yeshiva University is the oldest Jewish university in the United States, but not how old it is.

Nor are some of the comic sides of the fact that New York is a Jewish city, so far as it is anything, described. For example, there are the efforts to make Hanukah a commercial rival of Christmas, and the difficulties of the great Jewish department stores in achieving a synthesis of these two festivities. Thus, a year or two ago it was possible to see in the windows of one of the most famous department stores in New York, the three Kings of Orient on their way to Bethlehem guided by the star, but with the complete absence of any allusion to whom they were being guided.

The short articles on ethnic groups, to use the American euphemism, are nearly all useless. The description of the Scottish and Irish shops, given a boost here, would cause indignation in Edinburgh or Dublin for they represent the "begorra" and "hoots, mon" aspects of Irish and Scottish culture which are much more popular in New York than they are in either Scotland or Ireland. And since there is a description of the Saint Patrick's day procession, it is not without interest, since many of the parading children come from Catholic parochial schools, to find a group of coal-black children celebrating the Irish saint.

More serious as a defect is the handling of New York as a tourist centre, but the faults here come from the application of two different standards. For example, the very long list of hotels is critical—in some instances probably *too* critical. One does not, of course, expect any description of the traditional role of the Astor and the Taft, but the list of hotels, the suggestions of their merits and defects is admirably done—almost as good as if it had been done by the Michelin Company.

On the other hand, the list of restaurants is long, misleading and illiterate. It is *so* illiterate that it is hard to believe that the author or authors of this section of the book can be decent judges of food, since they are such bad judges of English and produce such odd French. There are very good restaurants in New York, but whether any is really first class is a matter of dispute. There is no discussion, for example, of the defects of the wine lists of quite expensive restaurants or the horrors of processed cheese which can be offered to people who are paying a great deal for a not very good meal. Many restaurants of next to no merit are boosted here, and one of the chief merits boosted is mere bulk. It is true that American steaks are very big, but a large steak does not necessarily make a good meal. A great deal of stress is put on the degree to which there are free accessories, e.g., "appetizers", which are often pickles before and free mints after dinner. One feels at times that one is reading an account of the night life of Aberdeen and not of Manhattan. Even genuinely interesting points about famous restaurants are ignored: for example, we are not told that the blanket-size menus of the Forum of the Twelve Caesars are for the most part in Latin (with translations) and are adorned by quotations from Horace and Lucretius. Nor are we told how New York restaurants move and change their names. The history of the appropriately named Quo Vadis could have been cited.

Perhaps some of the same criticism could be made about the long list of department stores, boutiques, and plain shops. There is some criticism, e.g. of the service at Macy's: but there is not much and not enough. Perhaps the whole attitude of this part of the book can best be illustrated by this passage:

> Now drive back to 34th Street and Fifth Avenue. Poke your nose if even for just a few minutes into *Altman's*, and then walk down the greatest street in the world for moderate-priced clothing. (See *34th Street*.)

There are times when one feels this is a guide for what used to be called "Butter and Egg Men".

This is revealed in the naive and inoffensive, but highly misleading, accounts of such great New York cultural treasure houses as the Metropolitan Museum, the Morgan Library, and the Cloisters. Indeed, this is not a guide for sophisticates. After all, people who know the Papagallo in Bologna are not likely to take Sardi's too seriously as a theatrical restaurant.

This is, perhaps, not a matter for serious complaint, since the basic character of this guide is utilitarian and it aims at a sort of genial mediocrity. But it is, of course, in consequence unjust to the (architecturally) most astonishing city the world has seen. For example, when Greenwich Village is taken seriously as a version of either *our* Chelsea or of Saint-Germain-des-Prés (Paris is credited, in this guide, with a cathedral of that name), it is impossible to assess correctly the extremely lively and interesting cultural life of Manhattan. And of course this book suffers under a probably necessary handicap: it deals only with public buildings (including shops, stores, boutiques, &c.). Thus a great many New York treasures are not even alluded to. For example, inside the astonishing Art Nouveau façade of the New York Yacht Club is its greatest treasure, the America's Cup, which is rather ostentatiously called to the attention of British visitors. Since James Montgomery Flagg is mentioned, an allusion might have been made to his uncharacteristic paintings in the bar of the Lotos Club. Indeed, other clubs might at least have been alluded to as, for example, the Century and the Links, that centre of WASP power, if one can believe the disciples of C. Wright Mills.

The accounts of the politics of the *New York Times* and of the policies of that admirable paper, the *Wall Street Journal*, are ludicrously bad. There is no mention either of *Time* Magazine or of the *New York Review of Books*. Since the comment is rather unkind to *Cue* it might be said that a great deal of this guide seems to have been written by the equivalent of the staff of *Cue*.

Perhaps the odd unevenness of this guide is representative of New York. It is a remarkably unharmonious and unsynchronized city. Complexes bigger than Versailles are erected in less than a year. Great vistas of expensive buildings are created, vistas that would have pleased Augustus or Louis XIV, if not Pericles. An equivalent of Nero's Golden House can be seen near the Suburra. The visitor, knowing the city well, may get lost on going back after a year. Some great buildings seem to have been torn down before ever being occupied. Others are more alarming than admirable. That startling example of Anglo-American cooperation, the Pan-American building, seems to threaten to topple over on Grand Central or, more serious, on to the Yale Club. A Piranesi need never be out of work. Great monuments have a life span of a generation, if they are lucky. The once great and austere hall of Grand Central, only slightly disfigured by having the Signs of the Zodiac on the ceiling the wrong way round, is now ruined with atrocious advertising, which only the dreadful state of the finances of the New Haven Railroad can justify. (A writer in this *Guide* heartily approves of this architectural pollution.) The dirty subways have never had a fatal accident—but have had, as we are *not* told, quite a few murders. Helicopters take off every few minutes while cars stall in block after block.

Alone among great American cities, Gotham boasts that it is little and old. It is immense and has got rid of its historic monuments with barbarous thoroughness. Nowhere is there less reluctance to "ruin the great work of time". *Nunquam eadem* might be the city's motto. There never has been, there never will be anything like it. Is this a boon or a knock? Perhaps only its current patron, Batman, knows.

GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM

HENRY LIONEL WILLIAMS and OTTALIE K. WILLIAMS: *Great Houses of America*. 295pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7 7s.

This is a lavishly produced and handsomely illustrated volume marred by two things: sententious writing and a sad absence of architectural judgment. The authors have chosen thirty mansions to represent American country-house building from the Colonial period until the 1920s, but although they describe them fully enough they make no attempt to assess or analyse their designs or place them in an art-historical perspective. The text is outright rather than critical.

This becomes particularly damaging to the great value of the book when they reach the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, which were the period of a renaissance of American domestic architecture represented by the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, the brothers Greene and Bernard Maybeck and, towards the end of the period, by immigrants like Schindler and Neutra. Not one of these architects is so much as mentioned: instead, the first decades of this century are represented by expensive examples of pastiche (Spanish Colonial, Tudor and the like, according to whether they were put up in Florida or Wisconsin), of no architectural interest and very little taste: yet unreservedly admired, it seems, by these authors and described by them with such women's magazine-style subtitles as "A Modern Mansion Dedicated to Beauty" or "An Italian Palace Sparkling in the Sun". The only twentieth-century house of their choice that was worth including—and then not for its architecture but for its obsessively acquisitive eccentricity—is the castle William Randolph Hearst built for himself at San Simeon, California, to house a mere part of his random collection of antiques.

The London Topographical Society have enterprisingly produced a *Grand Architectural Panorama of London from Regent Street to Westminster Abbey, 1849*, in a single sheet pull-out, twenty-two feet long by five and a half inches wide obtainable from the editor, Miss M. B. Honeybourne, 16 Highlands Road, Barnet, Hertfordshire, at £2 2s.). Children on ponies, sheep and cattle, saunter along Nash's *via triumphalis*; old ladies cross it at leisure. A crowd is chasing a bull round Piccadilly Circus but a posse of beefeaters is marching to help. What looks like a Jack-in-the-Green has an audience near Downing Street. Buildings that catch the eye are the Royal Polytechnic Institution, the Athenæum without its attic storey, Barry's new Treasury, daringly Italianate.

ORDERING THE ORDO

ALEXANDER SCHMEMANN: *Introduction to Liturgical Theology*. Translated by Ashleigh E. Moorhouse. 170pp. Faith Press. 37s. 6d.

ARCHDALE A. KING: *Concelebration in the Christian Church*. 149pp. Mowbray. 35s.

LEONEL L. MITCHELL: *Baptismal Anointing*. 199pp. Alcuin Club Collections No. XLVIII. S.P.C.K. £2 2s.

The special interest of Alexander Schmemann's book lies in the fact that he regards liturgical theology as an inquiry into the whole structure of the worshipping life of the Church: of the *Ordo*, order or rite which expresses in prayers and ceremonies the Church's understanding of the service of God. This *Ordo* is built up round the Eucharist and the temporal cycle which in the west is called the divine office. Within Orthodoxy, "it has come to be a dead letter which either must be followed blindly, or may be ignored just because of its lifelessness". But it is in reality the fundamental guide to true worship, which is neither a routine to be followed mechanically nor a shapeless expression of unspecified emotion.

This point of departure leads Fr. Schmemann to make an interesting and valuable critique of the liturgical theology of Dom Odo Casel. He points out the danger of making the concept of mystery our central category. If everything is merged in a general mysteriological terminology, one either tends to think only of one sacrament (the Eucharist) and neglect other elements in worship, or else one's concept of sacrament is weakened to include, in an undifferentiated way, all forms of worship. By relating the Eucharist to the liturgy of time he has succeeded in carrying to a further stage the studies of Dix and Dugmore, who argued on the one hand for the independence of the early Church from earlier temporal cycles of worship, and on the other for the continuing influence of the synagogue on the divine office. By explaining how the "Lord's Day", the day of the Resurrection, on which the Eucharist was celebrated, did not replace the Old Testament liturgy of time, but brought it to completion and gave it a new orientation, he has united their points of view in an historical and theological synthesis which illuminates in a fresh way the depth and extent of the renewal achieved by Christ.

The author's study of the historical development of the *Ordo* and of the Byzantine synthesis will be found useful to scholars. This is much more than an introduction for the uninitiated. The book is an ecumenical one in that the author draws a great deal on Catholic and Protestant scholarship, and supplies a corrective to the scholastic theology and liturgical practice of both east and west.

The second Vatican Council revived the use of concelebration in the Latin rite and thus made available, most beneficially from the pastoral point of view, a form of celebration which has always been used in the eastern rites. With the thoroughness and clarity for which he is well known among liturgical scholars, Mr. Archdale King has compiled a most useful survey of the history of the rite in both eastern and western Churches and of the rules governing its restored use. The reader may occasionally be somewhat lost in the detail, particularly in the examination of the early centuries, but Mr. King brings out very well the persistence in the west of an understanding of the meaning and authentic character of the rite (St. Thomas and Benedict XIV being on the side of the angels), in spite of its disuse and the disapproval expressed by a number of theologians.

Dr. Mitchell's study will be consulted by those who are concerned with the revision of liturgical services, with the instruction and initiation of converts and with theological reflection on the meaning of baptism and confirmation. He provides a detailed exposition of the baptismal rites of the early church, beginning with the *Apostolic Tradition* of Hippolytus and then going back to earlier evidence and forward to the liturgies of east and west down to, and somewhat beyond, the end of the Patristic period. The book is a contribution to the discussion of Christian initiation which has been pursued in the Anglican Communion over a number of years, opposing schools of thought being represented by Professor G. W. H. Lampe on one side and Fr. Lionel Thornton and Dom Gregory Dix on the other. Against Professor Lampe, Dr. Mitchell maintains that an anointing with oil, expressive of the messianic gift of the Spirit, should remain or should be restored as part of the rite of baptism; but he does not go so far as to see, with Fr. Thornton and Dom Gregory, a distinct sacrament of confirmation in this anointing.

The theological analysis and conclusions are the weak point of this book. Dr. Mitchell would have derived great benefit from a study of Dr. Bernard Leeming's discussion of the relationship of baptism to confirmation in his *Principles of Sacramental Theology*. It would have enabled him to see more clearly how baptism and confirmation can well be spoken of as distinct sacraments; while their celebration, with the eucharist, in the continuous context of a ceremony of initiation is indeed worthy of revival in many places, to celebrate them on separate occasions is a legitimate practice which, for many reasons, should still be maintained.

CHURCH AND SCRIPTURE

YVES M. J. CONGAR: *Tradition and Traditions*. 536pp. Burns and Oates. £4 10s.

The relation between Scripture and tradition, and how the value of each should be adjusted to the other, has always been a matter of discussion in the Church. It was obvious to any unbiased mind that the Church itself was not the creation of the Scriptures and had gradually determined which of its books did or did not belong to the Canon. But with the movement of time tradition increased very greatly, and at the Reformation the attempt was made to cut back to the beginning with a single authority, that of Scripture. The original Reformers were seldom so absolute as their followers, and the position was complicated by the difficulties of interpretation, and further by the way in which differences of interpretation led to division and the development of fresh systems of tradition. The modern Churches inherit the problem and Ecumenism gives it immediate point.

Yves Congar examines it historically and theologically with admirable learning and properly cautious wisdom. It is an immense subject very fully provided with pitfalls for the unwary, and this book with its really great range of quotation is likely to become a standard work. It could perhaps be claimed that he does not fully examine the effect of the popular mind upon tradition, where the people of a district or of the Church at large take hold of an event, a vision perhaps, or a legend with no discoverable historical source, magnify it out of all real proportion and elaborate it until it forces itself upon a doubtfully willing Church. But such criticism would not be justified, for the material by which such a problem could be examined is in the book, and it must be said that Yves Congar writes with a balanced mind from which partisanship is always absent.

MAKING IT NEW

SIMON PHIPPS: *God on Monday*. 192pp. Hodder and Stoughton. Paperback. 6s.

Simon Phipps, the Industrial Canon at Coventry Cathedral, has written an interesting and informative account of his important work, but his book is marred all the time by an anxiety to appear thoroughly new. His work, and the work of the Church in our time, must, he feels, have a new "secular based" theology, and says so in a group of obscure and repetitive chapters, but when he comes to give illustrations of the bearing of Christianity upon industry it is the old theology of human responsibility and brotherhood that lies behind his comments. The same kind of thought of a new, secular-based theology hinders him from justly appreciating the work of his predecessors in the Industrial Christian Fellowship or of men like William Temple. He too is in fact "taking Christianity to industry", finding that "God's word in industry" is the word that he found in the New Testament. Finally, his sympathies fail him when he looks outside his cathedral (which in effect he presents as a kind of huge Diocesan Office with a chapel), for he includes a deplorable skit of parochial clergy at work to establish a Family Communion.

The book enforces the feeling induced by reading much recent theology that too often its authors lack an adequate knowledge of Christian history and historical theology. Men like Canon Phipps stand where they are and do what they do because they have themselves been nursed in the old Church and have behind them a very long line of similar work. The theology by which they live is the classical theology of incarnation, atonement, resurrection and the fellowship of the redeemed with his brothers; but the theology they write is too often something else altogether. There is no need for Canon Phipps to feel that he must step out of the past; it bred him, and gave him the Gospel for men whether they are working in modern highly complicated industry or living quietly in their homes.

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Fiction (continued)

ADMADEMOISELLE

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: *Les Belles Images*. 258pp. Paris: 12fr.

Some novels, we know only too well, start off in advertising agencies and end in *angst*, but Simone de Beauvoir sees that this is to get things the wrong way round. Laurence, the heroine of her new novel, takes to copywriting after a severe attack of *mauvaise conscience*, brought on by reading a newspaper report of a woman being tortured to death. She seeks salvation through the creation of pretty images because this is the way her mother has brought her up. *Les Belles Images* thus sets out to indict a certain layer of society for its sinister stifling of all signs of authenticity in the young, but it is a dull book for the good reason that Laurence has to be presented amidst the banal and hollow people of her own advertisements.

She alone of her large family is aware of an inner nothingness. The others seem to have something which she lacks, an image of themselves; they know in fact whom to imitate, so that when they look in the mirror there is somebody there, whereas Laurence's own definition can only come from outside, from her husband, her father, her mother and her children. The world she lives in is full of rich, high-powered professional people, who buy their way easily out of self-doubt or unhappiness, whereas she must repress her discomfort, being unable ever to truly exorcise it. Her husband is a glossy new technocrat, living in a golden future. Her [illegible] holds out more [illegible] while, is a scholar, a gentle and [illegible]. Laurence feels the need to inhabit her own [illegible] tion can only come [illegible] she rebels in the [illegible] daughter, who is given [illegible] questions no one else [illegible]. Laurence clears the [illegible] child to become an [illegible] determining being by [illegible] own lack of definition, [illegible] she looks in the mirror [illegible] page she finally sees [illegible] herself.

Les Belles Images [illegible] marriage of glossy [illegible] tial philosophy becomes [illegible] who surround Laurence [illegible] convenient typology [illegible] forms of escape from [illegible] sponsibility. Their [illegible] purr too easily across [illegible] separates them from [illegible] the void, as if inanities [illegible] have its own [illegible] Simone de Beauvoir [illegible] gorize new forms of [illegible] keep your children [illegible] children because they [illegible] and over-emotional, [illegible] and her basic stand [illegible] but for a much [illegible] turbing assault on [illegible] *reques* one would [illegible] the novels of, say, Chr[illegible] fort.

GRUELLING GREEKS

COSTAS TAKTSIS: *The Third Wedding*. Translated by [illegible] 303pp. Alan Ross. 30s.

To call *The Third Wedding* a Greek tragedy would be misleading, except that it happens to be a melancholy story translated from the Greek. Its theme is the woes of a middle-class urban family; but it lacks the dignity and the pattern of tragedy, and even the passion, except in the most sordid sense. The characters are simply their own worst enemies.

The story, such as it is, is set against the background of revolution, war, dictatorship and enemy occupation which afflicted Greece for a generation. Two characters dominate the scene, Hecuba and her daughter-in-law, Nina. Nina, the narrator, is also the heroine of the three weddings and is looking forward to a fourth, if only to spite her illegitimate daughter. Hatred of her daughter and a baffled respect for her mother-in-law are the dominant motives of her life.

The source of the drama lies not in the tragic events of the historic background, except for fleeting references to political murders and the execution of hostages, but in the vulgar jealousies and selfishness of the Greek *bourgeoisie*. A husband divorces his wife by prevarication in order to marry her cousin; a boy prostitutes himself to the monks on Mount Athos; abortion and incest are part of everyday experience.

The mosaic of squalid episodes is by no means easy to follow, at least in translation. Nina narrates the entire book in a disjointed monologue and there is no differentiation of style to distinguish one character from another. Though [illegible] masterpiece in Greek, *Wedding* is hard and [illegible] in English.

FAMILY FEELINGS

MARIE-CLAIRE BLAIS: *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel*. Translated by Derek Coltman. Cape. 21s.

In a benevolent introduction Edmund Wilson relates this French-Canadian novel to Marie-Claire Blais's other books, and to French-Canadian writing as a whole. He suggests that *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel*, which won the 1966 Prix Médicis in France, takes its author nearer to the actual stuff of Canadian life, but it is still a long way short of naturalism. Its brief picture of the swarming, rancid life of a grand-mother-ridden Catholic family is twisted this way and that by a powerful emotion, presumably anger. Prospects are not good for the newly-born Emmanuel, the sixteenth child of a sickly mother and boorish father, surrounded from birth by the evidence of commercial and clerical exploitation.

Mlle. Blais's book is not free from a savage exaggeration [illegible] homosexual priest, [illegible] but it is written in [illegible] with total sympathy. [illegible] are the passage of [illegible] ters, Héloïse, through [illegible] pubertal mysticism, and [illegible] autobiography of [illegible] Maigre, who is packed [illegible] a religious novice and [illegible] sumption. He alone [illegible] sophistication of [illegible] he can soar above his [illegible] both their present and [illegible] future. A certain [illegible] into *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel* before the end [illegible] focus on too many [illegible] in too short a time, but [illegible] book and reads very [illegible] translation.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Archaeology

Norfolk Archaeology. Volume 34, Part I. 92pp. Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society (J. Cresswell, 32 The Close, Norwich). 25s.

A piece of topographical detection is undertaken here by Mr. Charles Green, who sets out to locate the place referred to in Domesday Book as Ness. Investigation leads to the conclusion that this vanished settlement stood on a promontory near Caister which began to be eroded in the fourteenth century and which finally disappeared under the sea during the nineteenth. The transactions, now edited by Mr. Michael Rivière, include among others papers on recent excavations at Caister itself, and on the redistribution of Norfolk monastic lands.

Arts and Crafts

GATZ, KONRAD (Editor), in association with Ichan Thierry. *Fitted Furniture*. 119pp. Iliffe Books. £2 2s.

Another useful addition to the Architect's "Detail" Library. This fourth volume in the series is well illustrated and covers a fairly wide range of fitted furniture in dwellings, schools, nurseries, offices, libraries, hotels and churches: examples taken mostly from foreign buildings, as in the previous volume. Those who like to know how a piece of furniture has been constructed will find the "detail" drawings not detailed enough; the reader will have to fill in the gaps. In this respect finer examples with more annotated detail drawings might have been more helpful to practising architects.

STRIBLING, MARY LOU. *Mosaic Techniques*. 214pp. Allen and Unwin. £2 10s.

With 443 black-and-white reproductions and thirteen colour plates to help it along, this American survey of fragmented design gives a most comprehensive coverage of the subject. Every kind of project involving mosaic, from jewelry and small everyday objects to lighted panels and translucent screens, is dealt with and a number of uses to which sliced bottles—"a readily available and dependable material"—can be applied is astonishingly varied.

Biography and Memoirs

BLOOM, URSULA. *A Roof and Four Walls*. 182pp. Hutchinson. 25s.

Mrs Bloom's eleventh "fragment of autobiography" consists of seventeen essays describing life at the various houses, flats and hotels that have brought the years been her home. Old friends will welcome these cosy reminiscences, but they are on the [illegible] side.

GRAHAME, IAIN. *Jumbo Effendi*. Illustrated by Sheila Rogers. 224pp. J. A. Allen. 30s.

The book begins with the Mau Mau and the end Major Grahame is collecting butterflies. This is the breadth of variety in his memoir of service in the King's African Rifles. He [illegible] episodes on and off duty. He [illegible] with gentle affection for the [illegible] and some misgiving for the future [illegible] Africa. Sheila Rogers adds effective drawings. The memoir extends to 1963 but already the book is a period piece.

HARMAN, MARGARET. *Bring Me My Bow*. 256pp. Gollancz. 35s.

She wanted to be an agricultural engineer but an accident with a tractor broke her spine. She inched her way [illegible] Independence and eventually [illegible] to Rhodesia. As an archer [illegible] shown prowess among paraplegics and able-bodied alike. That [illegible] the outline. Miss Harriman tells [illegible] sturdily tale without self-pity. The [illegible] bility dwindles in the details of a [illegible] and vigorous life.

HAMAN, COSETTE. *Tomorrow Comes Singing*. 158pp. Peter Dawbarn. [illegible]

[illegible] is an affecting account of a musician boy being almost extinguished by encephalitis, but gradually by a course of love, courage and skill [illegible] to something like normal [illegible] with a far from normal musical [illegible] coming to fruition. A couple of compositions and a page of full [illegible] are witness to his mother's [illegible] of his development, which [illegible] helped by no less a person than [illegible] American pianist, Julius Katchen. [illegible] author lives in New Zealand and [illegible]

Botany

HATFIELD, AUDREY WYNNE. *Pleasures of Wild Plants*. 196pp. Museum Press. 30s.

The author, having selected some fifty well-known plants and illustrated them in black-and-white, with three charming coloured plates on the dust cover, has written about their English names, folk-lore, culinary and other uses. Much of the text and recipes belong to the days before the contents of still room and store cupboard had been changed by deep freeze and the National Health Service. Fresh plants were gathered for use in the the kitchen and for many other reasons, including the treatment of minor ailments—mallow poultice for a mosquito bite, lily-of-the-valley leaf for a boil and there were pleasurable occupations too. It will revive rich memories like gathering cowslips for tea or wine and making a fragrant "hedy body" with the bliss-[illegible] "on a silken line".

History

LEUER, H. D. *When Compassion was a Crime*. 164pp. Oswald Wolff. 28s.

This book should not go unnoticed. Unlike most studies of the anti-German resistance movements, Mr. Leuer concentrates on individuals rather than groups and lists the names of those individual Germans who actively assisted the Jews during the years of Nazi persecution. Some were prominent figures, the art critic Karl Scheffler, Professor von Laue, Wolfgang Kühler, the Gestalt psychologist who later went to the United States. Most, however, were the "little people"—business men, mechanics, nurses, domestic servants who remained loyal to their Jewish employers. A few acted from principle—devout Christians and lifelong socialists; others were moved by human decency and compassion. Though the risks were high much could have been done before 1941. In that year the Yellow Badge was issued for all Jews in the Reich over the age of six. In March, 1942, the first tram-loads were sent to Auschwitz. The Final Solution of the Jewish problem had begun. There was no protest, only silence, acquiescence or applause. Only the Senate of West Berlin and the Government of Israel have sought to list and honour the few who did speak or act. These German names need to be recorded.

Records of Buckinghamshire. Edited by E. Clive Rouse and Elliott Viney. Vol. 17. Part 5. 105pp. Aylesbury: Bucks Architectural and Archaeological Society.

Glimpses of everyday life in Aylesbury at the close of the Wars of the Roses are found in a bailiff's note-book kept in the reign of Edward IV, from which Miss Elizabeth Elvey quotes extracts in the opening paper of this volume. Nine other papers on Buckinghamshire archaeology and history follow, in addition to reviews and notes.

Librarianship

DOVE, JACK. *Fine Arts*. Editor: K. C. Harrison. The Readers Guide Series. 88pp. Clive Bingley. 16s.

A guide to selected works in the fine arts (roughly the 700 class of Dewey) for the general reader as well as the librarian. The book is arranged by subject divisions in chapters; individual titles, picked out in bold type, are commented on in some 50 to 100 words apiece; indexes of authors, titles and subjects are appended. The author is Chief Librarian of Huyton Public Library.

Medical Libraries in Hospitals. Notes for Secretaries/Librarians and Others. Prepared by The Hospital Libraries Sub-Committee of the Medical Section of the Library Association. 19pp. Obtainable from Miss W. M. Gallagher, St. Mary's Hospital Medical School Library, Paddington, London, W.2. 5s. 6d.

The pamphlet, partly based on lectures given at the North-Western Polytechnic in 1965, is mainly for the help of those recently appointed to small, hospital medical libraries who are now facing the next stage of development, that of maintaining awareness and adding to the collection in their charge. It does not give brief but explicit practical instructions on all these points, and ends with a list of books for further reading.

PIKE, DR. SHELLY. *Library Work with Young People*. Examination Guide-book. 30pp. Clive Bingley. 5s.

A textbook that became of its recognition of changing patterns, different points of view and of ideas being worked out elsewhere besides England, draws attention from others interested in the subject (teachers and members of library committees, for instance) as well as students. The latter, however, will find all the facts and principal landmarks here and by following up the references in the text can enlarge the field for themselves. Miss Patches is Children's Librarian in the Birkenhead Public Libraries.

Mathematics

OGILVY, STANLEY C. and ANDERSON, JOHN T. *Excursions in Number Theory*. 163pp. Oxford University Press. 35s.

There is no branch of mathematics which is so deceptive as the theory of number. It looks as though it should be easy, but some of the most fundamental theorems are still respected rather than proved. In this stimulating volume the American authors lead the reader gently from numerical systems, especially the decimal and the binary, through number patterns, irrationals, iterations, and Diophantine equations up to continued fractions and Fibonacci numbers. Much of it is occupied by the fascinating study of primes, and there is a glance at calculating prodigies.

Naval Studies

MARCH, EDGAR J. *British Destroyers: a History of Development 1892-1953*. 430pp. Seeley Service. £10 10s.

This must be accepted as the definitive work on the technical development of the British torpedo boat destroyer from the "A" Class of 1892 to the "Weapons" and "Darings" of our own day. After introductory sections on design, building and trials, the bulk of the book consists of full descriptions of the dimensions, speed, armament and general qualities of every single destroyer which has flown the White Ensign. In addition, there are accounts of all modifications in structure and equipment as well as critical assessments of the ships' performance from those who commanded them. The text is accompanied by 175 magnificent photographs and 100 meticulously drawn plans. The whole work has been compiled with the help of the Admiralty and the shipbuilding firms connected with destroyer construction, and although experts are bound to query some points of detail, its general authority and comprehensiveness are unchallengeable

Printing

CHAMBERS, ERIC. *Photolitho Offset*. 282pp. Ernest Benn. 25s.

Any book on the technology of printing is a useful contribution to all printers who aim to keep abreast of the changing machines, materials and methods in their industry. Offset lithography is one of the most rapidly developing processes and Mr. Chambers does much to fill a need in bringing under one cover a record of the production methods most used by offset platemakers and printers today.

Although it would not be appropriate in such a book to include much reference to those developments in their early stages and not yet proved, he does cover many of the items of equipment, materials, and techniques in use today in a concise, sensible and readable manner.

The industry is placing increasing emphasis on training at all levels and this book must represent the most up-to-date work on offset lithography reproduction and printing practice in Britain. It will be much read by all who have an interest in the art and practice of printing in 1967 and will be an essential addition to works technical libraries, to craft and management students, and to many of those buyers of print who seek to increase their knowledge.

Social Studies

WATSON, DOROTHY L. *The Education of the Hearing Handicapped Child*. 254pp. University of London Press. 35s.

This is a comprehensive handbook on what has been done, and what is being done and what can be done for deaf and partially deaf children. Much of it is technical, including, for instance, discussion on how hearing aids can be used in special teaching techniques, but if parents can manage the jargon they will be able to find some useful advice about how to help their children from the beginning.

Sports and Pastimes

WILLEY, KEITH. *Crocodile Hunt*. 200pp. Angus and Robertson. 30s.

With the price for skins booming Mr. Willey went off to hunt crocodiles in the swamps around Arnhem Land. He had teamed up with another adventurer in Darwin and they had some aborigines to help them. It was a hard and hazardous enterprise and it is depicted here with full regard for the raw reality.

STANLEY, DOUGLAS L. *Golf with your Hands*. 256pp. Collins. 12s 6d.

Provides evidence that the best performers do not always the best teacher, and that action pictures speak louder than words. Mr. Stanley is in the golfing world primarily a photographer and as such has no equal. In hand action one sees the veins on the back of the player's hands, in weight distribution the picture is so clear and so accurately timed that one can sense the balance or lack of it. All of this would be of little use unless it were intelligently applied to the theory of the game. This the author is able to do. His collection is enriched by rare action pictures of Miss Joyce Wethered, Babe Zaharias, Jimmy Bruen, and Francis Ouimet.

Travel and Topography

PILKINGTON, ROGER. *Small Boat on the Meuse*. 214pp. Macmillan. 30s.

Dr. Pilkington's numerous accounts of his wanderings along the inland waterways of Europe are invariably delightful. A man of catholic interests—in people, places, boats, buildings, engineering, architecture, geology and, above all, history—he combines a flair for descriptive writing with exceptional gifts as a raconteur. Almost every bend in the river affords an excuse for the retelling of a local anecdote or legend of an historical episode. The blend of wit and colour is irresistible, and *Small Boat on the Meuse* is emphatically no exception.

PRICE, J. H. *Railway Holidays in Bavaria*. 159pp. David and Charles. 30s.

"To most people", writes Mr. Price, "Bavaria means Munich, Oberammergau and the German Alps." It means much more than that to him and he plans and describes a tour through this truly beautiful former kingdom which is anything but orthodox and sounds both varied and satisfying. Naturally, since this book comes in the Railway Holiday series, there is a great deal of railway talk (and of course a visit to the Deutsches Museum in Munich where they have a full-size replica of Hedley's Puffing Billy) and it is neatly all railway travel, but Mr. Price, as befits the editor of *Cook's Continental Timetable*, knows how to get the best out of what's going and may well make those who have had enough of Continental motoring, with its vast distances, think again.

SMITH, VIVA. *Portrait of Dartmoor*. 206pp. Hale. 21s.

Dartmoor today served many purposes; military training ground and prison, grazing land for the hill farmer, and also the haunt of the archaeologist, the fisherman and the holiday-maker. And, as Mr. Vian Smith says, the many claims inevitably come into conflict. His "portrait" emphasizes the human factor than the scenic or historical aspects of the moor; he is concerned with the people who have lived there, from the men of the bit circles down to the present inhabitants whose isolated existence has been transformed by the car and the television screen. The story of Thomas Tyrwhitt's foundation of Princetown is told at length, and the author dwells on such topics as education, sport, and the life and customs of the moorland towns and villages. A handy table gives an alphabetical sequence of places and other items connected with the moor.

HUTCHINSON, GRACIE (Editor). *The Queen's Beasts*. 176pp. Lutterworth. 25s.

A handful of animals provide the world with their adventures. Dr. Shapton and Ralph Izzard are among the writers, Paterson and Ardizzone among the artists. The editor introduces her [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] explores with some [illegible] if not particularly [illegible] points.

DAMPIER, PHILIP. *The Sea and the Snow*. 184pp. Cassell. 30s.

The story of the Australian Heard Island expedition has already been told, though less fully, by Major H. W. Tilman, who skippered the Patriarch. The venture, a long voyage in a small boat across one of the world's most desolate oceans, followed by the climbing of a remote and dangerous mountain was imaginative, well-planned and successful. Mr. Dampier, who was one of the party that assaulted the 9,000ft. peak, writes vividly and with humour, and he successfully evokes the peculiar fascination of the bleak regions where seals and penguins are only occasionally disturbed by [illegible] humans.

Wine

HOLLAND, VYVYAN. *Drink and Be Merry*. 174pp. Gollancz. 25s.

Mr. Holland is a connoisseur of wine and drinker of respectable vintage, and his discursive little volume carries a slight aroma of a former age, as in such remarks as, "In a restaurant, it is always safe to ask your guests whether they would prefer champagne or some other wine". At present-day inflated restaurant prices, the first alternative is unlikely to be open to many readers of his book. This does not set out to be exhaustive or authoritative, but to provide a modicum of information about the different kinds of wine and spirits, and their sources. A generation ago this would have been enough, but nowadays there are so many guides to wine, and most of them more comprehensive and expertly put together than Mr. Holland's amiable book. There are also an irritating number of minor errors or statements of doubtful validity. Moulin-à-Vent is the leading beaujolais not a mâconnais; Ch. Haut Brion was included in the original 1855 classification and not added subsequently; Ch. La Mission Haut Brion is omitted from the list of the leading red graves; and it is at least an exaggeration to say that "all the finest burgundy" exported goes to Belgium or Holland. For initiates the most interesting of the short chapters is that on the Saintsbury Club, of which the author was so long the honorary secretary.

World Affairs

LALL, ARTHUR. *Modern International Negotiation—Principles and Practice*. 404pp. Columbia University Press. £3 7s.

Diplomacy can be defined as a continuous process of negotiation. What distinguishes this process today, in the era of the United Nations, gives it new dimensions, so to speak, in its public character though, often, we see only the tip of the iceberg and its complexity. Professor Arthur Lall has placed us all in his debt by this searching analysis of the multiple techniques employed in the implementation of Article 33 of the Charter; they include the use of good offices of one or more States or individuals (e.g. the Secretary-General of the United Nations), pourparlers and *ad hoc* conferences, the decisions of which may or may not be binding. Illustrations are supplied from the Suez dispute, the Cuba-India conflict, the disarmament conferences, &c., of which the author, formerly Head of the India Delegation, has personal first-hand knowledge. Two significant points emerge: (1) the search for peaceful settlement is not necessarily accompanied by renunciation of the use of force; and (2) the negotiating process, under the Charter, has almost entirely superseded the legalistic techniques of judicial or arbitral settlement envisaged in the League of Nations Covenant. This is a useful contribution to the research programme of the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

Letters to the Editor (*continued*)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Sir,—In our discussion of this play, may I offer some distinctions between known fact, logical inference and reasonable conjecture?

(1) It is a known fact that the scurrilous "epilogue" spoken by Pandarus was not in the original version of the play, but added later. How much later we do not know. It is a fact that on no other occasion does Shakespeare address an audience in such terms: it may be inferred that he had a particular audience, when he added it, other than that of the Globe, in view; it has been reasonably conjectured that this was an Inns of Court audience; there is evidence that such audiences were rowdy and enjoyed scurrility. I have suggested that the addition of the "epilogue" may be explained by supposing the play to have been revived for them on a foreseeably festive occasion.

(2) The facts about the "Prologue arm'd" are these: this stage-device is first found at the end of *The First Part of Antonio and Mellida* (1599?) by John Marston, who may have invented it, perhaps to save a costume and a character; the passage runs:

> *Gentlemen, though I remaine an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory chalenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us that acted it . . .*

This formula is repeated by Shakespeare in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

> *And hither am I come,*
> *A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*
> *Of Authors pen or Actors voyce . . .*

Between these uses of the device had come Jonson's use in *The Poetaster* (1601); he used it with menacing purpose against hostile elements in his audience, whom he calls "base detractors and illiterate apes", adding

> 'Gainst these, haue we put on this forc'd defence.

It is reasonable to believe that Shakespeare, finding himself about to face a troublesome audience, observed Jonson's use of the technique as well as Marston's, and followed suit.

(3) It is a fact that Shakespeare had had trouble with a Gray's Inn audience in 1594, when his Company presented *The Comedy of Errors* there; the *Gesta Grayorum* describes the occasion:

> there arose such a disordered Tumult and Crowd upon the Stage, that there was no Opportunity to effect that which was intended . . . (i.e., a performance of the play).

In the end, however, the performance took place. The evening's uproar (says the *Gesta*) was the work of a Sorcerer who

> had foisted a Company of base and common Fellows, to make up our Disorders with a Play of Errors and Confusions; and that that Night had gained to us Discredit, and itself a Nickname of Errors.

(4) It is a fact that without the Prologue and "epilogue", the play starts and ends with Troilus in a tragic vein—a "double sorwe" in the Chaucerian tradition, augmented by the death of Hector (greatest of the Worthies) and the imminent doom of Troy, foreknown to any London audience. It is certain that the medieval "matter of Troy" was well known to Elizabethans and had acquired the status of a quasi-national epic; the Trojans were identified with the British (Brutus was a Trojan Prince) and Troy with London (Trinovant). There were a number of plays based in this tradition; *Locrine*, for example, and the *Troilus and Cressida* of Dekker and Chettle, performed by the Admiral's men in 1599. This play went far beyond Shakespeare in its treatment of Cressida, for she is seen as Henryson had imagined her, a giglot-turned-leper.

(5) It is a fact that the medieval Troy story was pro-Trojan and anti-Homeric, as might seem natural since London is Troy; Lydgate rebukes Homer as follows:

> And al for he with Grekis was allied
> Ther-for he was to hem fauourable
> In mydte thing, whiche is nought commendable.

(6) Thersites (not in the medieval tradition) was added by Shakespeare from Chapman's Homer (*Iliad* II, 1598) in order (as the analysis of his speeches shows) to intensify anti-Greek feeling. He says nothing against Troy and almost nothing against the Trojans; all his scurrilities are against the Greeks; and he is a Greek himself, "a very filthy rogue" as he confesses. I conjecture he would have been much appreciated at the Globe; as much as Apemantus, if not more.

(7) The play was given several times in 1602-03 (*S.R.* February, 1603). The copy-writer for the quarto of 1609 believed and boasted, at one time, that it had been acted at the Globe during the reign of James I; the proof of this is in its first title-page. But, as Professor Williams has demonstrated, he changed his mind overnight, for reasons unknown, and added a prefatory letter pouring scorn on the idea. It is a reasonable conjecture that this *volte-face* was due to a change in sales-policy, which aimed the quarto at an Inns of Court public. We need not too much believe what this prefatory letter says; Bonian and Walley, who must have been responsible for it, admit that the text of the play has made escape from its true owners, and that by publishing it (the legal right to do so having been somehow established) they were acting in defiance of Shakespeare's company; how can one trust such people and what they say in a publisher's blurb?

(8) No protest has come down to us about their assertions; but no argument can be drawn from silence. Such silences are common; an even louder silence comes down to us from the same year (1609), which saw the unchallenged publication of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and T.T.'s dedication.

(9) The clown Kempe's jokes about the purge Shakespeare is supposed to have given Jonson can hardly have reference to the character of Ajax, for the reason Professor Empson has pointed out. Ajax is represented as illiterate—he cannot even read a proclamation. What could be the point of calling Jonson illiterate? J. B. Leishman has convincingly suggested, in his *Three Parnassus Plays* (1949), that Kempe was referring to the treatment of Jonson in Dekker's *Satiromastix; or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, acted by Shakespeare's company in 1601.

To sum up; these facts and inferences make it reasonable to conjecture that *Troilus and Cressida* was given at the Globe in 1602-03 and later, but without the Prologue and "epilogue", which were added to protect the play from a foreseeably rowdy audience, at a Christmas revel at the Inns of Court, probably in 1608, a month or so before its S.R. entry in early 1609. This simple explanation covers all the rather diverse facts more consistently than any other so far put forward, and does not seem at all unlikely in itself. Its main importance is that it forces a critical revaluation of the play as it was originally intended for the Globe.

NEVILL COGHILL.

Savran House, Aylburton, Lydney, Gloucestershire.

MAGYAR MARXIST AND MAGYAR PRINCE

Sir,—Your review of *Kun Béla* (a biography by his still extant wife) places into a rather too mild historical perspective what is still remembered as the worst horror by thousands of living contemporaries. *De mortuis* . . ., perhaps: had not so many refugee intellectuals modelled themselves on him as an archetype and had they not succeeded in getting into the blood-stream of western literary and political life. They were less successful in Russia.

It so happened that I was scratching a living by working at the Hungarian Telegraph Bureau (a sort of official press agency) when Béla Kun came to power. I well remember the daily street-fights between Count Karolyi's police and troops, and Kun's followers, indoctrinated in Russian prisons and well provided with roubles. For those left with a shred of love for their country—it was a nightmare, lasting to the end of their lives. At my office, apart from the pack of lies issued to the press, we had Roneoed some forty copies of true and confidential news for the Commissars. One copy I used to take to the Dean of the Faculty of Law, my old teacher and friend, Rustem Vámbéry—and there the professors assembled, waiting for me and hoping that salvation was near, and that troops from the west would restore civilization.

They drank sherry and smoked cigars, still available to the Dean. And they listened, hoping. And they knew there was no hope, they were trapped.

Cigars were restricted to one a head. When no one was looking, the Professor of Common Law pinched three. The Professor of Criminal Law, Vámbéry, saw it, and forced them out from the palm of his hand. But no further action was taken, we were all approaching the abyss.

JOSEPH BARD.

West House, 1 Melbury Road, London, W.14.

CRYING SHAME

Sir,—Your reviewer's conjecture (March 2) that a "ghostly and unacknowledged research worker" may have "devilled" for Royston Pike in the writing of *Human Documents of the Industrial Revolution in Great Britain* is wholly unfounded. The entire, painstaking research—no mean labour of love and scholarship—was the author's.

In spite of your reviewer's recognition that these documents are "of considerable use to students"—his tone throughout was curiously petty and in strange contrast to the unanimous praise of distinguished reviewers elsewhere. In fact, the book's warm reception has necessitated an early second impression, a paperback and a separately printed American edition.

PHILIP UNWIN.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd., Ruskin House, 40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

WORDS ABOUT WORDS

Sir,—If your reviewer of *Current Trends in Linguistics* Vol. III (*TLS* March 2) had read the last paragraph of the Editor's Introduction on page vii, he would have found the following: "The suggestion to make available selected chapters of this volume in separate, inexpensive booklets . . . was first broached with the Editor by M. A. K. Halliday, and realized with the publishers through the cooperation of Cornelis H. van Schooneveld."

This would have answered his request that C. F. Hockett's contribution to the volume "ought by all reasonable criteria to have been published separately". The paper is advertised as "In prep." in Heffer's Linguistics catalogue (No. 802) at 36s.

THOMAS T. L. DAVIDSON.

The School of English, The University of Leeds.

THE BOWYER PRESS

Sir,—I wish to trace records from the Bowyer-Nichols Press forming part of lot 136 in the John Gough Nichols sale at Sotheby's on November 18, 1929. The fourteen volumes of this lot were bought by Bernard Halliday, of Leicester, but their present location and even their full contents are not known. Five of them are presumably those advertised in Halliday's catalogue 125 (1930), Nos. 420-424, as containing mostly letters to and from John Nichols 1766-1812, plus the original articles of partnership between Nichols and William Bowyer junior. Documents from other volumes relating to the Bowyer printing-house fire of January, 1712-13 are mentioned in the Sotheby sale catalogue.

Possibly this lot may have included Bowyer-Nichols printing accounts additional to those sold in the preceding lot 135, which I am preparing for publication. I should be grateful for information which might enable this doubt to be resolved.

KEITH I. MASLEN.

Halifax House, 6/7 South Parks Road, Oxford.

A BOSWELLIAN IDENTIFICATION

Sir,—Edmond Malone saw the third edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (1799) through the press and added some new notes by the author's friends and himself. In one of his own notes he acknowledged Boswell's obligations to a "Mr. Richard Stow, of Apsley, in Bedfordshire" (i. 136 *n.*: 1934, i. 163, *n.* 1), and in another to a "Mr. Richard How, of Aspley, in Bedfordshire" (iv. 191 *n.*). These two benefactors are obviously one and the same person, and as the place-name in the second reference is correct, I assumed that the surname is also right and sought for Mr. Richard How. I failed to find him and was compelled to appeal to the librarians. I was rewarded. Mr. Cyril Hargreaves, the Bedford Borough Librarian, courteously tells me that the How family lived at the Old House, Aspley Guise. Richard How, the elder, a linen draper, died in 1763. He had two sons, Richard (1727-1801) and Briggins (1732—): the elder, Boswell's correspondent, who was at one time in the wine-trade, was a book-collector and a well-educated man. Father and son were Quakers; both are buried in Woburn Sands.

I regret to say that I did Boswell's friend an injustice. The long note on the famous quotation *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat* underwent considerable revision in my edition (1934, iv. 181 *n.*) and Mr. How's name was deleted in the process. It therefore gives me great satisfaction to be able, with Mr. Hargreaves's assistance, to establish his complete identity.

L. F. POWELL.

228 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Sir,—Your Correspondent on the University Library (March 9) is in danger of oversimplifying the possible benefits of a computer "providing catalogue details and data from a centralized source to all so as to reduce the costs of cataloguing by many separate institutions". There is a dearth of detailed information about the present costs of cataloguing in university libraries. It may happen that the centralized production of cataloguing data with its attendant problems of distribution will in fact be more expensive. We must first know a lot more about the ways library catalogues are used and the kinds of information sought from them before we can effectively make the fullest use of computer techniques.

A. E. JEFFREYS.
Sub-Librarian,

University of Keele, Keele, Staffordshire.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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ORDERS and Box Replies to: Classified Advertisement Dept., Times Literary Supplement, Printing House Square, E.C.4. (CENtral 2000, extn. 318. Telex 262622/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT
LIBRARIANS

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

IF YOU are a Chartered Librarian
have had some experience in a technical [illegible]
would like to earn up to £1,260 per year
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are keen on the ordering and the subsequent cataloguing and classification of new [illegible]

THEN YOU will be interested in a vacancy for an ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at the CENTRAL ELECTRICITY RESEARCH LABORATORIES, Leatherhead, Surrey, or the BERKELEY NUCLEAR LABORATORIES, Berkeley

Applications stating full relevant details and present salary be forwarded as follows:—

For the post at Leatherhead to N. Berryman, Personnel (Headquarters), Central Electricity Generating Board, [illegible] Street, London, E.C.1, *Quote Ref. TLS/109.*

For the post at Berkeley to the Personnel Officer, Berkeley Laboratories, *Quote Ref. TLS/BNL/17.*

CANADA
PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN
LIBRARIANS
Required by
SASKATCHEWAN PROVINCIAL LIBRARY
REGINA

Salary Range:
LIBRARIAN II $6,048-$7,680 (approx £2,000-£2,500).
One Librarian to work in Technical Services.
Two Librarians for reference services.
EXTENSION LIBRARIAN $6,960-$8,892 (approx £2,300-£[illegible])
Two Librarians for consultative work in the development of [illegible] throughout the province.
(Consideration will be given to qualifications and experience)
MINIMUM REQUIREMENTS:
F.L.A. or B.A., A.L.A. plus experience in public libraries, [illegible] supervise professional and clerical staff, and to maintain [illegible] relations. Applications from Associates of the Library Association [illegible] considered.
THERE ARE GOOD OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCEMENT [illegible] LIBRARY SERVICES IN SASKATCHEWAN. Librarians [illegible] initiative and enthusiasm are required to work in the Provincial [illegible] to establish regional library services throughout the Province.
Application forms may be obtained from:—
Mr. W. C. A. Knights,
Government of Saskatchewan,
28 Chester Street, London, S.W.1.

LONDON BOROUGH OF WANDSWORTH
BOROUGH LIBRARIES
Suitably qualified persons required for the following POSTS:
SENIOR ASSISTANT: REFERENCE A.P. 3 (£1,209 to £1,410)
SENIOR ASSISTANT: MOBILE A.P. 3 (£1,209 to £1,410)
SENIOR ASSISTANT: CATALOGUING A.P. 2 (£1,095 to £1,295).
Forms from the Borough Librarian, District Library, West Hill, S.W.18. Closes 14th April.
D. C. KERR, Town Clerk.
Municipal Buildings, S.W.18.

THE MANCHESTER PUBLIC LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN, Grade A.P. IV (£1,435 to £1,665).
Applications should reach the City Librarian, Central Library, Manchester 2, by 15th April, 1967.

NATIONAL COAL BOARD
HEADQUARTERS LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICE
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required at London Headquarters, in particular to help develop the information service to technical, scientific and professional staff.
Candidates should be Associates of the Library Association and should preferably have had experience in a special Library.
The post is superannuable and salary according to qualifications and experience will be within the scale £1,209 to £1,515.
Please write with full details of education and experience to date, to the Headquarters Staff Manager (X.3060), National Coal Board, Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF DUNBARTON
Education Committee
COUNTY LIBRARY
Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the post of BRANCH LIBRARIAN at the new DUNTOCHER LIBRARY.
The salary scale for qualified librarians is £890 to £1,115, and for part-qualified librarians either Executive Division Grade I (£750 to £860) or Grade II (£870 to £975). Placing on these scales will be given for previous experience.
Applications should be sent to the Director of Education, County Council Offices, Dumbarton.

LIBRARIANS

AIREBOROUGH URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited from persons with the Part I (Intermediate) Examination of the Library Association for the Post of SENIOR ASSISTANT in charge of Guiseley Library. The salary is within A.P. I/II (£820-£1,220), the N.J.C. Scheme of Conditions of Service applies, and a medical examination must be passed.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, and naming two referees, should be sent to the undersigned not later than 10th April, 1967.
J. RAWNSLEY, Clerk of the Council.
Council Offices, Micklefield House, Rawdon, Leeds.

BRADFORD CITY LIBRARIES
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (ART)
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience for the above POSITION in Grade A.P. III/IV (£1,220 - £1,665).
One hundred per cent mortgage and short term housing accommodation may be available. Removal expenses up to £50 and a temporary lodging allowance or travelling allowance may be payable.
Applications, with names of two referees, to City Librarian, Central Library, Darley Street, Bradford, 1, by 14th April.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
(University of London)
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN/SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN on the scale £1,105 to £2,010 (bar) to £2,270 and, on promotion, to £2,630, plus London allowance.
Candidates should have good academic and professional qualifications and knowledge of languages. Experience in classification of the literature of science or the social sciences desirable but not essential.
Applications, with full details of education and career and the names of two referees, should reach the Librarian, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London, W.C.1, by 12th April.

COUNTY OF CORNWALL
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS at the Headquarters Library:—
(1) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Distribution and Request Section.
(2) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Schools Section.
Salary within the special grade for librarians (£740 to £1,435), according to qualifications and experience.
Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees should reach the County Librarian, County Hall, Truro, not later than 10th April.
E. T. VERGER, Clerk of the County Council.
County Hall, Truro.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DARLINGTON
SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from suitably qualified candidates. Salary, Grade A.P. 1/2.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Crown Street, Darlington, Co. Durham, to whom applications, with names of referees, should be returned by 15th April.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of DEPUTY LIBRARIAN from 1st September, 1967, or such other date as may be arranged. The duties of the post are of a broad administrative character as deputy to the University Librarian. Candidates should have good academic and professional qualifications and should have had wide experience in university, public, or special libraries. It is hoped to carry out a detailed review of all routine processes in the University Library and an active interest in modern techniques of librarianship is desirable.
Salary will be on the scale £2,730 by £105 to £3,255, and initial placing will depend on qualifications and experience.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Librarian, University Library, Palace Green, Durham, to whom applications, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to arrive not later than 15th May, 1967.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following posts:—
(1) BRANCH LIBRARIANS (4) A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435).
(2) CHILDREN'S LIBRARIANS (3) A.P. II/III (£1,020 to £1,435).
[illegible] A.P. III Associates of the L.A. [illegible] Final Exam. or equivalent required. Assistance with removal expenses. Medical.
Applications naming two referees to the County Librarian, Berkeley Street, Gloucester, from whom further details obtainable. Canvassing disqualifies.
GUY H. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
WELWYN GARDEN CITY BRANCH
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, with special responsibility for work with children, A.P. III. [illegible] qualification: Associateship of the Library Association. Removal expenses, lodging and [illegible] allowance where appropriate. Housing [illegible] Towns is normally quickly available.
[illegible] from County Librarian, County Hall, Hertford; applications within 14 days.

LINCOLNSHIRE (LINDSEY & HOLLAND) COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, [illegible] Holland, based at Spalding. Salary within [illegible] (£1,220 to £1,435). Assistance with removal expenses and lodging allowance for up to [illegible] in approved cases.
Application form and further particulars from [illegible] Librarian, 45 Newland, Lincoln.
[illegible] April 21, 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BRENT
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following APPOINTMENTS:
SENIOR ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN Grade A.P. II-III.
SENIOR ASSISTANT Grade A.P. II-III.
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN Grade A.P. I-II.
[illegible] two Senior Assistant posts, substantial [illegible] towards qualification for A.L.A. plus [illegible] experience is required. For the post [illegible] Librarian, applicants should have [illegible] the Part I Examination or equivalent.
[illegible] salaries within these grades will be [illegible] to qualifications and experience.
[illegible] to be made on forms obtainable, [illegible] particulars, from the Borough Librarian, Central Library, High Road, Willesden, [illegible] and returnable to him by 15th April.
[illegible] FORSTER, Town Clerk.

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of ASSISTANT at a salary in accordance [illegible] A.P. II (£1,020 to £1,220 per annum [illegible] London Weighting). Practical [illegible] will be taken into account when filling [illegible].
[illegible] forms obtainable from the Establishment [illegible] Division, Town Hall, Peckham Road, [illegible] 6311, Extension 31. Closing date [illegible] 1967. Please quote TLS/7/148.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for POSTS as:—
SUB-LIBRARIANS within the scale A.P. III-IV (£1,220 to £1,665, plus London weighting).
Applications, giving date of birth, qualifications and experience, and name of one referee, should be sent to the undersigned by 15th April, 1967.
JAMES GREEN, Borough Librarian.
East Ham Library, High Street South, London, E.6.

CITY OF LONDON LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS of SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN:
(a) Cataloguing and Interleans.
(b) Administrative and book-orders
Salary within the range £935 to £1,610 (£1,750 if chartered) according to qualifications and experience.
Application forms and further details from the Principal Lending Librarian, Guildhall, E.C.2. Closes 15th April, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIATRY
APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT at the Institute of Psychiatry, a Postgraduate Medical School, which is about to move into a new building. Good G.C.E. and library experience essential; ability to type would be an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications.
Application forms from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5, by whom completed applications should be received as soon as possible but in any event not later than 21st April (Ref: LIB.)

BOROUGH OF NELSON
APPOINTMENT OF BOROUGH LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the APPOINTMENT of BOROUGH LIBRARIAN at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P. V of the National Scales of Salaries. The appointment will be subject to the usual Local Government Conditions of Service and to a medical examination.
In addition to duties as Borough Librarian, the successful applicant will be required to supervise and promote the cultural activities of the Council's Library and Arts Committee and undertake the control, management and supervision of the Civic Centre provided by the Corporation, including the letting and use thereof.
Further particulars of the appointment and duties, may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications stating age, qualifications, experience and details of past and present appointments, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than the 8th April, 1967.
T. W. ROBERTS, Town Clerk.
Town Hall, Nelson.
14th March, 1967.

NOTTINGHAM COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
CLIFTON, NOTTINGHAM
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, which is immediately vacant, on the National Joint Council Scale for librarians within the range £820 to £1,020 per annum. The work will be of a professional nature in a large college library.
Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Principal, returnable by 10th April, 1967.

OXFORD CITY LIBRARIES
LIBRARIAN IN CHARGE
CATALOGUING DEPARTMENT
A.P. Grade III (£1,220 to 1,435 per annum)
CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with suitable experience are invited to apply for the above post. Starting salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience.
Further details may be obtained from the City Librarian, Central Library, St. Aldate's, Oxford, to whom applications, with the names of two referees, should be sent.
Closing date for applications Friday, 14th April, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD
THE LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours Graduates for TWO POSTS of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN: (a) Cataloguing and (b) Reader Services. Professional qualifications will be an additional recommendation, and for post (b) previous experience is desirable.—Initial salary on the scale £1,105 to £1,340/£1,470 to £2,095, with F.S.S.U. provision.
Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications (three copies) should be sent by 22nd April, 1967.

SHIPLEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Librarian within grade A.P. IV. The central library, with separate children's and reference libraries, is housed in the Saltaire Institute and has recently been modernized. There are two branch libraries. Issues in current year have increased by 40,000 to over 400,000. Ample scope for energetic and ambitious librarian. Housing accommodation available if required and grant towards removal expenses.
Applications with names of two referees to the Clerk and Solicitor, Town Hall, Shipley, by the 10th April, 1967.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL
SOMERSET COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of MOBILE LIBRARIAN at Clevedon. Salary scale Librarian's grade (A.P. II/III, £1,020 to £1,435) plus subsistence allowances. Removal expenses, &c., payable.
Application form and further particulars from The County Librarian, County Library, Mount Street, Bridgwater, Somerset.

SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PARKES LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Cataloguer). Salary on scale £760 to £1,220 per annum. Starting point according to qualifications and experience. Initially the post is for two years, with possibility of transfer to permanent staff.
Applications (four copies) giving the name of two referees and a brief curriculum vitae should be sent not later than 22 April, 1967, to the Deputy Secretary, The University, Southampton, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
BRANCH LIBRARIAN
Salary within the Special Scales for Librarians £1,260 to £1,435. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians.
ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN Grade A.P.I., £820 to £1,020. Candidates should possess the Part I Examination.
Applications for the above-mentioned posts, giving full details of experience and qualifications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Director, Public Libraries, Museum and Art Gallery, Borough Road, Sunderland, by 21st April.
Both posts are superannuable and the successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination. Consideration will be given to the granting of mortgage facilities.
J. STOREY, Town Clerk.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Esher.
Salary will be on the Librarians Grade £820 to £1,435 per annum.
Entry point on the scale to be determined by qualifications and experience.
Assistance with house purchase and generous removal and disturbance allowances available in approved cases.
Further particulars are obtainable from the County Librarian, 140 High Street, Esher, Surrey, whom applications must reach within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

UNIVERSITY OF WALES
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES, with either professional qualifications or experience in a university library, for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (cataloguing) in the College Library. A knowledge of Greek and Latin would be of particular advantage.
The salary will be either within the scale £995 by £30 to £1,050 or £1,105 by £60 to £1,700 per annum according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications (six copies) must be sent by Saturday, 29th April, 1967.

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
In April, a MOBILE LIBRARIAN is needed to take charge of the Mobile Library, based on Stourport-on-Severn, which serves the North-West of the County, a predominantly rural area.
A driver/assistant is employed on the vehicle and some help is given at the base library. A five-day week, Monday to Friday, is worked. Subsistence allowance is paid at "outside" officers' rate. The post is on the Special grade with a maximum salary of £1,220 per annum.
The post affords the opportunity to work on one's own initiative, and give a very individual service to readers. Good book knowledge and resourcefulness are therefore important.
Application forms and details may be obtained from the County Library, Love's Grove, Castle Street, Worcester. Closing date Wednesday, 12th April, 1967.

EL SALVADOR
THE UNIVERSITY OF EL SALVADOR requires a DEPUTY LIBRARIAN. Candidates, preferably single, should have F.L.A., A.L.A., or the London Diploma in Librarianship, and relevant experience, preferably in a university library. A degree from a university in Britain and a knowledge of Spanish would be an advantage.
Salary: £2,240-£2,590 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Married overseas allowance. Additions for children. Income tax refunded if levied. Free furnished accommodation. Outfit grant. Employer's superannuation contribution paid. Medical and insurance schemes. Fare paid. Two-year contract guaranteed by the British Council.
Write, quoting reference 70U4, to Appointments Branch, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned completed as soon as possible.

LIBRARIANS (GRADE IV)
in GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS
APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women for the following POSTS.
Candidates must have had some practical experience of librarianship and must (a) have passed one of the following professional examinations of the Library Association, viz., the Registration Examination (1963 or earlier), the Part II (Final) examination (1964 or subsequently), or the postgraduate professional examination; or (b) have otherwise attained Associateship of the Library Association; or (c) hold an approved university degree, or diploma, in librarianship.
LONDON AREA POSTS
(a) Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, S.W.1.
(b) Defence Intelligence Library, W.C.2.
(c) Army Central Library, N.7.
(d) Royal Naval Staff College, Greenwich, S.E.10; an interest in economics, politics, and naval or military history or allied subject an advantage.
(e) Department of Education and Science, W.1; a reading knowledge of French and German.
(f) Ministry of Housing and Local Government, S.W.1.
(g) Institute of Geological Sciences, S.W.7.
(h) Ministry of Overseas Development, S.W.1; experience in the use of economic materials.
(i) Ministry of Power, S.W.1.
(j) Ministry of Public Building and Works, S.E.1.
(k) Ministry of Technology, Central Library, W.C.2.
(l) Board of Trade, S.W.1 (four posts).
(m) Ministry of Transport, S.E.1 (two posts): some familiarity with foreign languages an advantage.
STARTING SALARY: £750 (at 20) to £1,040 (at 25 or over), possibly higher at 26 or over. Scale maximum £1,532. Post (d) has slightly lower salary scale. Non-contributory pension. Promotion prospects are good. No evening or weekend duty in most of the posts.
POSTS OUTSIDE THE LONDON AREA
(i) Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hampshire (four posts).
(ii) Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, Lincs.
(iii) Command Library, H.Q. Eastern Command, Hounslow, Middlesex.
(iv) Command Library, H.Q. Southern Command, Bulford, near Salisbury, Wilts.
(v) Military Engineering Experimental Establishment, Christchurch, Hants; scientific background or training an advantage.
(vi) Central Veterinary Laboratory, Weybridge, Surrey.
(vii) Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Swindon, Wilts; scientific background or training an advantage.
(viii) Safety in Mines Research Establishment, Sheffield; scientific background or training an advantage.
(ix) Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh; an interest in biology and a working knowledge of Russian and German desirable.
STARTING SALARY: £685 (at 20 to £970 (at 25 or over); possibly higher at 26 or over. Scale maximum £1,457. Post (ix) has slightly higher salary scale. Non-contributory pension. Promotion prospects are good.
WRITE to Civil Service Commission, Savile Row, London, W.1, for application form, quoting 6850/67/1. Closing date, 1st May, 1967.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT, preferably with experience in a medical library, required, Royal Free Hospital Medical School. Able to type. Salary scale, £740 by £40 to £940; starting point according to experience and qualifications. Approximately five weeks' holiday (21 working days), superannuation scheme.—Apply School Secretary, 8 Hunter Street, London, W.C.1, with names of two referees.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required for general readers' service duties in the central library of the College. Candidates should have a minimum of five G.C.E. passes at "O" level and some library experience is desirable. Salary will be within the range £735 to £945 according to qualifications and experience. Four weeks annual leave with extra days at Christmas and Easter. Applications to Librarian, Lyon Playfair Library, Imperial College, 180 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7, as soon as possible.

(*continued on back page*)

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF WAIKATO
HAMILTON, NEW ZEALAND
SENIOR LECTURESHIPS/LECTURESHIPS IN EDUCATION AND SENIOR LECTURESHIP/LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH
The University of Waikato invites applications for the following appointments to its staff:—
TWO APPOINTMENTS to its staff in EDUCATION, preparatory to the offering of Bachelor of Education courses. The appointments may be made at the grade of Senior Lecturer, Lecturer, or Junior Lecturer. An applicant who is exceptionally well qualified may be considered for a Readership.
ONE APPOINTMENT to its staff in ENGLISH. This appointment may be made at the grade of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer.
The salary scales are: Readers, £2,500 to £3,200; Senior Lecturers, £2,100 to £2,700; Lecturers, £1,500 to £2,200; Junior Lecturers, £1,200 to £1,400. The positions in Education are offered from 1 February, 1968, but may be taken up earlier by special arrangement. The position in English may be taken up as soon as possible after appointment.
The University of Waikato began last year teaching full-time coordinated courses of study in the Schools of Humanities, Social Sciences and Education. It occupies a site of about 125 acres on the outskirts of Hamilton. The academic organization is based on schools of study rather than on faculties and departments. The development of postgraduate work and research is encouraged and conditions for study leave are favourable.
Conditions of appointment are available from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Applications close in New Zealand and London on 8 May, 1967.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS

BRITISH COUNCIL
LONDON
requires ASSISTANT for MEDICAL LIBRARY. Candidates, preferably under 35, should have a good general education and fast accurate typing. Experience in an editorial office would be useful. Starting salary up to £815 at age 25 or over, rising to £1,025. Additional typing allowance if qualified. Three weeks annual leave; superannuation scheme, staff restaurant.
Write quoting H/71/C's to Staff Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned by 12th April, 1967.

BRITISH COUNCIL
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, LONDON
requires part-time help (16 hours a week). Library experience or knowledge of science or medical terminology would be useful. Starting salary up to £467, rising to £538.
Write quoting H/11/C's to Staff Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, for further particulars and application form to be returned by 12th April, 1967.

BBC requires SELECTION ASSISTANT in Television Film Library. Duties involve the selection of BBC film and recommendations for its permanent retention, short-term holding or disposal in conjunction with requests received from production departments. Selection Assistants are responsible to Senior Selection Assistant for viewing and evaluation of programmes and development of the stock shot collection of film material for re-use by the Television Service, liaison with producers and film editors in the acquisition of such film, the use of conventional cutting room equipment and ordering films from processing laboratories. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge and wide interest in current affairs. Desirable qualifications: familiarity with modern library practice, particularly subject classification, the selection of headings and descriptive cataloguing. Experience in special library techniques and some acquaintance with film handling methods, though training in the latter will be provided if necessary. Salary £1,140 per annum (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £65 to £1,465 per annum, plus £65 London Weighting Allowance.—Write for application form (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 67.G.610 T.L.S.) to Appointments Department, BBC, London, W.1.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO ASSISTANT LECTURERS in the Department of English. One with qualifications in Old and Middle English Literature, the other with qualifications in the Literature of the 18th and 19th Centuries.
Applications (6 copies) with the names of three referees should be received not later than April 15th, 1967, by the Registrar, University College, Cardiff, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
LECTURESHIPS/SENIOR LECTURESHIPS (TWO) IN ENGLISH
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above-mentioned POSTS.
Appointments will be made in the fields of English Literature and Early English Literature and Language. Applicants in the field of English Literature are asked to state fully their applications their special interests. In the field of Early English Literature and Language, applications will be especially welcome from candidates with qualifications and interests in modern English, linguistics, in phonetics, or in fifteenth and sixteenth century English language.
Salary for a Lecturer is within the range $A4,800 by $A220 to $A6,340 per annum, and for a Senior Lecturer within the range $A6,600 by $A200 to $A7,690 per annum.
Information concerning superannuation, housing scheme, sabbatical leave, &c., and method of application is obtainable from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Applications close in Australia and London on 12th May, 1967.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of a TUTOR or LECTURER in ANCIENT HISTORY. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Somerville College, Oxford, by whom applications should be received not later than 28th April, 1967. The choice of the Governing Body will not necessarily be limited to those who apply.

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS

SOUTH LONDON ART GALLERY
Peckham Road, S.E.5
Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers
1st April to 22nd April
Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 3-6. Free
The Southwark Collection of Original Prints may be seen on Mondays-Fridays between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Saturdays by appointment.

PERMANENT EXHIBITION of lithographs by Armitage, Arp, Bolus, Chadwick, Kokoschka, Kuhl, Le, Moore, Nolan, Piper, Richards, Sutherland. [illegible] daily 10 to 5; Saturdays 10 to 12.—Marlborough New London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Admission free, open weekdays 10-5 and Sundays 2.30-6. Current exhibitions include "Renaissance French Illuminated Manuscripts", "Chinese Painting—the last three hundred years", and "Libraries for the People in Britain before 1850".

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE. Paintings by Leonard French (Australia). Until 16th April. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sundays 2.30-6.

LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and English Watercolours and Drawings on view. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-1.

STABLE GALLERY.—Great Glemham, near Wickham Market, Suffolk. During April: NELL MURISON; RODNEY [illegible]. Open every day including Sunday afternoons.

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE DAVIDSON CLINIC
EDINBURGH
SUMMER SCHOOL
21st JULY to 1st AUGUST
SUBJECT
OF HUMAN NATURE. The Mastery of Man's Behaviour
SPEAKERS:
Mr. H. J. Home, [illegible], London
Dr. W. P. [illegible], M.D., London
Dr. A. T. M. Wood, M.B., M.R.C.P., D.P.M., Consultant Psychiatrist, Edinburgh
Dr. Winifred Rushforth and members of the staff of the Clinic.
Full particulars from the Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh 16. Tel. NEW 2550.

BOOKS AND PRINTS

5,000 OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Free catalogue. New Knowledge Books, 25 [illegible] Dean Road, London, S.W.2.

AUTOGRAPHS and Signatures. Dep. range of large selection of letters and signatures of leading artists, actors, military and naval men, politicians, lawyers, divines, &c. Batches of 50 selected, for 50s.—Edward Hall, 10 Old Road West, Gravesend.

ANTIQUE MAPS. Illustrated catalogue 2s. (£) [illegible], Sheffield, [illegible].

ACTIVELY purchasing First Editions, Fine Press Books, letters and Manuscripts; complete libraries or fine Single Items.—Minkoff, 26 Wildwood Drive, Great Neck, New York, 11021, United States.

AMERICAN BOOKS, NEW, OLD, OUT OF PRINT. For any book you want for write to ORSAY BOOKS, 89-12 J. Eliot Avenue, Rego Park, New York City, N.Y. 11374.

AUTOGRAPHS.—Top cash prices paid for letters and documents of famous people.—Send for FREE Brochure on "How to sell your Autographs", Charles F. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y.

CORVO'S VENICE.—120 pages, all illustrated. Publication 22 July. Prospectus from Vacant Press, 161 New King's Road, S.W.6.

GERMAN BOOKS bought and sold. LIBRIS, 15 Boundary Road, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

LEARNED and Scientific periodicals in all subjects, wanted.—W. DOBBINS, 82b Fortis Green Road, London, N.10. TUD [illegible].

MULL Books and People at the American Bookstore in Tobermory.

USED BOOKS. Cheap bargains for sale. Scotsbridge, 1142 Argyle Street, Glasgow.

WANTED, all first editions by W. H. and Jack Yeats, Lady Gregory, Samuel Beckett, Synge and all Abbey Theatre Material.—Carters, 2 Fernfield Parade, Hornsey, London, N.8.

WANTED, all first editions, proof copies, autograph letters of Anthony Powell, also magazines containing contributions by. Any copies of New Verse, contemporary poetry and prose, and all literary periodicals 1910-1968.—Carters, 2 Fernfield Parade, Hornsey, London, N.8.

TYPING

EXPERIENCED LITERARY TYPIST, highest references, 3s. 6d. a 1,000 words.—Miss Thayre, 9 Granville Road, Rustington, Sussex.

DUPLICATING. Typewriting. Tapes and Dictabelts. Photocopies.—Sybil Kana, 21 Heath Street, London, N.W.3. HAM 5129/9302.

MISS B. M. HUNTER wishes to announce a change of address to: 84 Ocean Drive, Wollaton Park, Nottingham. Telephone 292160. Past and future customers will continue to receive prompt attention.

TYPING by experienced Secretary, 3s. 1,000 words.—Write Box H.1167, The Times, E.C.4. Tel. 997-3107.

TYPING.—Mrs. Bird, Flat 3, 2 Alexandra Terrace, Exmouth, Devon. Phone 4847.

TYPEWRITING, 3s. (3 1,000 words. J. Roland, 7 Martins Close, St. Paul's Cray, Orpington.

LITERARY

ENJOY WRITING?—Then write for profit. Send for *Writer's Handbook* (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginners or experienced.—Writer's Ring (TLS), C[illegible], Craven Arms, Shropshire.

PETER SMITH LITERARY SERVICES can help you get your book published. The director of this Literary Agency is a publisher, author, editor and bookseller as well as an Agent. Quite frankly, your Agent ought to be able to write himself. Peter Smith has had eight books published (by firms such as Heinemann and Hutchinson); he founded his own publishing house which was merged with Hodder and Stoughton; he runs a flourishing Bookshop. Expert advice is available on all aspects of publishing. Send 6d. stamp for free brochure Books Are Our Business, to Peter Smith Literary Services, 39 Bolney Road, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

POEMS published: Breakthru Magazine.—Ken Geering, 1 Dewsbury, Lichfield, Sussex.

SPAIN.—The Anglo-Spanish Society's quarterly Review reads out of the ordinary articles on Spain and black and white photographs for reproduction, and if you are a lover of Spain and things Spanish you might also be interested in joining the Society.—For further details contact The Editor, The Anglo-Spanish Society, 5 Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ALEXANDER PRIZE
The Alexander Prize will be awarded by the Royal Historical Society for the best Essay on any subject approved by the Literary Director. Essays must be sent in by January 1st, 1968.
For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Royal Historical Society, 96, Cheyne Walk, London, S.W.10.

PERSONAL

AUTHORS — STUDENTS — The Gladstone Memorial offers the unique combination of an arts library with a delightful residence, ideal for writing and private study. £10 per week inclusive.—Apply to the Warden, St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, Chester.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club.—100 double and single rooms; £5 per week, part-board.—12 Fairhill Road, East Croydon. Founded. Tel. CRO[illegible] 2024.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

A PUBLIC LECTURE will be given by Prof. D. M. Lane of the University of London on "Atreus and George" at Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, W.14, on Friday, 31st March, 1967, at 7.30 p.m. Admission Free.

THEATRES

MERMAID. CIT. 7656 (Restaurant 2835) & and Bar. Last week. BENITO CERENO. Directed by Jonathan Miller. Opens 5 April, 7 p.m. Jack MacGowran in Sean O'Casey's SHADOW OF A GUNMAN and A POUND ON DEMAND.